MURMURMONTIS
'06

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THE OLD MILL.

MURMURMONTIS

VOLUME III.

PUBLISHED BY

'06 SEMINARY CLASS

of W. U. W. V.

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Dedicated to

Hon. William Seymour Edwards

in recognition of the

Services rendered by him

in matters of

Church, State, Education and

Industry.

William Seymour Edwards

Hon. William Seymour Edwards.

HIS family came to New England in 1641 and settled at Hartford, Conn. His ancestor, Rev. Johnathan Edwards lived at Stockbridge, Mass., on the Housatonic, where he preached to the Indians and whites until later called to become the President of Princeton University, then the College of New Jersey, at Princeton. He preached to the grandsires and forebearers of many of the good people of Upshur County, whose ancestors in later years emigrated from the Housatonic Valley to Virginia. On his mother's side, his great grandfather, Edward Antil III, was a member of Washington's Staff, and a friend of Hamilton and one of the founders of the military order of the Cincinnati. Mr. Edwards' grandmother was brought up as Alexander Hamilton's adopted daughter, her father and mother having just died at the close of the Revolution. His father and grandfather came to Virginia from New York about 1847. They opened the first coal mines in the Kanawha Valley in 1852.

William Seymour Edwards studied at the great public school called Trinity College School, at Port Hope, Canada, and thence went to Cornell University at Ithaca, New York, where he took the degree of B. S. Two years later he received the degree of L.L. B. "Cum Laude," at the Law school of Columbia University in New York City. Later he was admitted to the Bar in West Virginia.

Among books he has no mean reputation. He wrote a book entitled "Coals and Cokes in West Virginia," which has been quoted as a standard authority both in this country and abroad. He has written many articles for the press and published some speeches on public questions, especially those concerning the more liberal provision for the education of the children of the state, and has recently published a book entitled, "Into The Yukon," detailing a journey to the far Northwest and Alaska, and will shortly issue another book on travel in Mexico and Cuba. These books and writings have given him a literary and scientific standing in the country at large.

In politics, he has twice been a member of the State Legislature, and was the first Republican to be elected Speaker of the House of Delegates, in thirty years, and presided over that body in the sessions of 1894-5. He was candidate for Congress in the Third District of West Virginia in 1898, and would have been the candidate for Congress in 1904, except for the ascendancy of notoriously corrupt methods in certain counties in the District.

He is a member of the American Mechanics, Red Men, Odd Fellows, K. of P. and is a Scottish Rite Mason of the 32d degree.

In 1902 he was married in London, England, to the daughter of the late General C. T. Christensen of New York, Brigadier General U. S. Army and General of Long Island Division, N. G. N. Y.

He was the discoverer of natural gas in the Kanawha Valley region and was a promoter of the company that afterwards piped the gas into Charleston and supplied the city with this fuel in 1895. He secured the building of 20 miles of railroad and the opening up of some 15 mines in the valley of Paint Creek. He has been the direct means in interesting many millions of eastern capital in the development of our timber lands, especially in Webster County, where one deal included 34,000 acres, and required ten years to consummate it. He is now interested in coal mining and in oil properties in West Virginia and Ohio to a large extent.

He is a member of the University Club and the Alpha Delta Phi Club of New York City and of the Republican Club of the City of New York, also a member of the Duquesne Club of Pittsburg.

Mr. Edwards is a most excellent example of the product of higher education and refinement, and might well be taken as a model for ambitious young men to follow. As a citizen, statesman, scholar, author and captain of industry, he has but few equals.

Mr. Edwards, who with his family reside in Kanawha County, is perhaps as well known as any man in the state.

MAIN BUILDING BEFORE FIRE.

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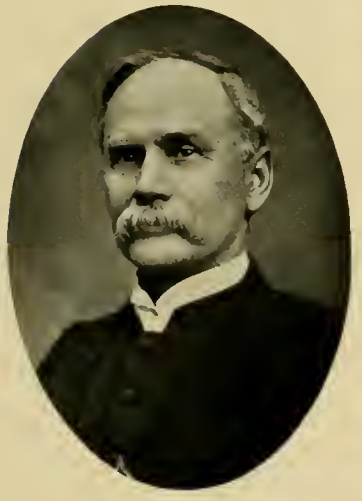

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Mrs. J. J. Jelley.

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John W. Gearhart.

COLLEGE SENIORS.

"How can they run the School Without me!!"
THOSE THAT DRINK INTOXIKATIN WHISKY WILL NOT NEVER GIT TO HEAVEN.
HOW'S THAT?
HOLY BIBLE

Motto: Νῦν καιρὸς ἐρδειν.

Senior College Class.

Oda Earl Karickhoff, A. B., *Pres.*

Oda Earl Karickhoff was born near Rural Dale, Upshur County, West Virginia, March 14, 1880. He spent his boyhood on the farm. He entered the Seminary in the fall term of 1898, and graduated in the Literary Course in 1901. The following year he enrolled in the regular Classical course, and receives his A. B. this year. He has held many honors in the school. Was Vice-President of the Chrestomathean Literary Society during the spring term of 1902. He was also on special program of this society for oration in 1902. During the years 1903 and 1904 he was Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. He is now President of the Senior College Class.

James W. Mahood was born September 13, 1876, in Benwood, Marshall County, West Virginia. His early years were spent in the vicinity of his nativity. He entered the Seminary in the fall of 1897, and graduated in the Classical Course in 1901. He was married June 9, 1901. He is the only married man in his class, although all the other members are on the anxious bench. Mr. Mahood is a member of the West Virginia Annual Conference M. E. Church. He was out of school the years 1902–03 and was pastor of Duffy Charge. He returned to school in the fall of 1903, and has since that time served as assistant pastor of the 1st M. E. Church, of Buckhannon, W. Va. He is Secretary of his class and a member of Excelsior Literary Society. He will receive his A. B. this year, after which he will pursue his chosen profession, the ministry.

Rev. James W. Mahood, A. B., *Sec.*

I. E. Ash, A. B.

I. Emory Ash, of Tyler County, West Virginia, entered the Seminary in the fall of 1899. He took up the Classical Course, which he completed in 1902. He afterwards enrolled in the College Course and will go out with this year's graduating class. Mr. Ash has been an important factor in the school ever since he entered. In his Junior year he was president of his class. He was the first president of the Athletic Association, and he has been reelected for that office each succeeding year, even unto the present time. He served two years as manager of the football team. In fact, among the students he is known as "Daddy," which means father of athletics in the school. He has been managing editor of the school periodical since 1902. He is a member of the Excelsior Literary Society.

George C. Kellar graduated from the West Virginia Conference Seminary in 1901. He returned in the fall of 1901 as student and assistant teacher in his Alma Mater. For three years he was managing editor of the school paper. Mr. Kellar was elected a member of the faculty in June, 1903. He was given the assistant professorship in Latin. He still holds this position, and this year he receives the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

George Currant Kellar, A. B.

Elmer Bemuth Moore, A. B.

Elmer Bemuth Moore, from Pocahontas County, came to the Seminary during the latter part of the nineteenth century. A few years later he graduated in the Classical Course of the Institution. When the Seminary became a College it found Mr. Moore with more than a year's work completed. He graduates this year with great honors. He is a member of the Chrestomathean Literary Society, in which he has distinguished himself as a man of ability and thought. Mr. Moore is a special favorite of the "Young." We wish him God speed in his chosen profession, the ministry.

College Juniors.

C. E. Goodwin.

Blanche Stonestreet.

J. Franklin Throckmorton.

Lyda J. Hanifan.

Seminary Senior Class.

(St Mark 3-25) "A house divided against itself cannot stand"

W. R. WHITE CLASS.

Motto:

Ad Summum Constantia Studeoque.

Colors:

Blue and Gray.

Yell.

Rizzlety, razzlety, rizzlety rye!
We're the class that never says die!
Mix 'em up, tear 'em up, chew 'em up
alive!
Rah! Rah! Rah! 1905!

CLASS OFFICERS.

Senior.

FRED A. FORSTER, . . *President.*
RITCHIE A. IRELAND, *Vice-President.*
BESS GIBSON, . . . *Secretary.*
HENRY GAY, . . *Treasurer.*

CLASS OFFICERS.

Mac Avoy.

Mac Avoy.

CLASS ROLL.

Seniors.

1. Clyde O. Law, Classical, Lawford, W. Va., Treasurer Chrestomathean Fall term.

2. Lois Florence Simmons, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va., Associate Editor of "'05 Murmurmontis."

3. Karl Alman, Scientific, Lorentz, W. Va., Critic Chrestomathean Spring term, Manager of football team for '06.

4. Rosa Mace, Literary, Hackers Valley, W. Va.

5. Edwin Jay Heavener, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va., Vice-President Chrestomathean Spring term, Capt. reserve football team '03, Associate Editor '05 "Murmurmontis."

6. Clara Fling, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va.

7. Charles Henry Hartley, Literary, Huntsville, W. Va. President Excelsior Spring term '05.

8. Bessie Ethel Metheny, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va., Chrestomathean.

9. Frederick William Cupp, Literary, St. George, W. Va. Vice-President Excelsior Spring term '04, right end football '03 and '04.

10. Richie Alexander Ireland, Literary, White Oak, W. Va., President Chrestomathean Fall term, Assistant Editor of "'05 Murmurmontis," Vice-President of Senior Class.

11. E. Bertux Reese, Classical, Buckhannon, W. Va., Chrestomathean, Associate Editor of '05 "Murmurmontis."

12. Stella Wilson, Literary, Harrisville, W. Va., Chrestomathean.

Mac Avoy.

CLASS ROLL.

Seniors.

1. Frederick Albert Forester, Literary, Moundsville, W. Va., Treasurer Excelsior Spring term '04, Editor-in-Chief of '05 "Murmurmonti:s," President Senior Class.

2. Floyd Ellis Tallman, Scientific, Belington, W. Va., Treasurer of Excelsior Winter term.

3. Alta Scott, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va.

4. Henry Gay, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va., Chrestomathean, Treasurer of Senior Class.

5. Robert Orin Philips, Scientific, Buckhannon, W. Va., Vice-President Chrestomathean Winter term.

6. Jerome Daily, Scientific, Buckhannon, W. Va.

7. Flossie Snodgrass, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va., Secretary Excelsior Spring term, President Y. W. C. A.

8. Emmer Core, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va., Excelsior.

9. Ethel Hope Clark, Scientific, Washington, D. C., Critic Excelsior Fall term, Secretary Winter term, Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.

10. A. G. Bumgardner, Normal, Craigmoor, W. Va., Vice-President Excelsior Spring term, R. G. on football team '03 and '04.

11. Grace Hardesty, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va., Chrestomathean, Associate Editor of "Pharos," Secretary '04 Junior Class.

12. Katherine Henderson, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Mac Avoy.

CLASS ROLL.

Seniors.

1. Harry Sharps, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va., left field baseball team '04.

2. Lewis Smith Core, Classical, Mt. Morris, Pa., Excelsior, center football team.

3. Jacob Francis Shreeve, Classical, Burchfield, W. Va., President Excelsior Fall term, Critic Spring term.

4. Tensia Mable Ash, Classical, Clarksburg, W. Va., Secretary Chrestomathean Fall term.

5. Roy McCuskey, Classical, Wheeling, W. Va., Treasurer Excelsior, Winter term '04, Business manager of '05 "Murmurmontis," President of Y. M. C. A. '05.

6. Bessie Irene Clark, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va., Chrestomathean.

7. Finney Lee Lakin, Literary, Tunnelton, W. Va., Chrestomathean.

8. Mary Blanche Gibson, Normal, Corley, W. Va., Secretary Chrestomathean, Spring term.

9. Howard Ray Heckert, Literary, Cairo, W. Va.

10. O. E. Armentrout, Normal, Horton, W. Va., Vice-President Excelsior Winter term.

11. L. F. Everhart, Classical, Fruitdale, Ohio.

12. Mabel Roye Wier, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va.

13. Boyd Huff, Classical, Buckhannon, W. Va., President Chrestomathean Spring term. President '04 Juniors.

Senior Class Poem.

It is in the fair month of June,
The loveliest in the season,
That we pack our books all to soon,
Bound to leave the halls of reason.

We go to answer other calls,
Each in the way of life that parts,
That loudly ring from other walls,
To pleasure life or busy marts.

What memories cling 'round the place,
Where great ambitions first awoke,
To make in life a manly race,
And stand, when tested, like the oak.

Some perchance on the hill of fame,
May carve in letters of pure gold,
A record worthy of a name,
That long shall live, when they are old.

Others may be as great and wise,
And write their names on living scrolls,
To glow and shine above the skies,
In living men and women's souls.

Press on! The motto sure to keep,
Climb the torrent's arch;
They fail alone who feebly creep;
He wins who dares the hero's march.

Be thou a hero! let thy might,
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.

Dear friend, if fortune play the false
  Today, tomorrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
  Taking old gifts and granting new.

And last of all but most alive,
  We conclude this little story;
All hail the Class of 1905,
  That crowned itself with glory.

The History of the Senior Class

To forget the history of the Senior Class would be to obliterate its past achievements, and to reflect a shadow upon its present merits. Fate, in comparing this class with the preceding classes, has decreed that the hall which contained them is unworthy of "The W. R. White Class," and this building has been smitten as was Sodom of old.

The trustees have renewed their hopes in the institution, because of the preëminence of this class; and have declared that the school shall assume all the dignities of a University. Already the faculty is congratulating itself that ours shall be the grandest commencement of the school. All things unite in confirming that "The W. R. White Class" shall begin a new era in the school's history.

The prestige of the '05 Class was felt in the beginning, when it established the custom of organizing in the Freshman year. The object of this organization was to maintain our rights, and to receive our proper recognition; it is useless to say that due consideration for us has never since been lacking.

In September, 1903, the class was called and re-organized for its junior year. This year was even more productive of history than the one preceding. We named our class "The W. R. White Class" in honor of one intimately connected with our school. The next important step taken was to carry out the well-begun plan of the Pearsons, namely, the publishing of volume number two of the "MURMURMONTIS." The book speaks for itself.

Notwithstanding the fact that our class is young, and neat in stature, it has never been wanting in genuine spirit, good scholarship, and true manhood. Nor would it be just to leave the impression that the Seniors are physically weak; the class is duly represented in the Athletic Association. About one-half the first football team was composed of Seniors; and we hope to be as well represented by the first baseball team this year.

No class could be prominent and not be active in literary work. Our class soon observed this fact and for three years nearly all of our number have been faithful workers in the societies.

While the history of the White Class is not one of daring deeds and defying adventures, yet our ways are "Ways of pleasantness, and all our paths are peace."

And now, as our name implies purity, so may not only our history indicate, but may our individual characters ever stand for and by the same. And as we leave this stage of activity to enter another, we hope for you, our successors, all the blessings that have attended us.

—HISTORIAN.

Prof. James J. Deck
For whom the class is named.

Junior Class.

Motto:

Non solum sibi.

Colors:

Old Gold and Blue.

Yell:

Behold! Behold! The blue and the gold;
The James Deck Class will ever hold,
Give us chance, give us room,
We're the Class that makes things boom.

Prof. James J. Deck, A. M.

JAMES J. DECK, A. M., Professor of Greek and German, was born in Zurich, Switzerland, in 1860. His father was a clergyman of the so-called Evangelical Reformed or Zwinglian Church. He received his education in the "Alltag" and "Sekundarschule" of his native city; the beginning of his classical training in the "Kantonalgymnasium" of the same place. He then took a two years' course in Technology at the Chemical Swiss Polytechnicum, with one year's practical work in Chemistry in 1880, after which he came to the United States. He studied Belles Lettres and Rhetoric at St. Francis Xaviers College, West 16th Street, New York City, St. Johns' College, Frederick, Md., and Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., until 1884. After three years devoted to the study of Logic, Metaphysics, Psychology, Theology and Ethics at Woodstock College, Howard County, Md., the Theological School of Georgetown University, he successfully passed his Ph. D. examination "De Universa Philosophia" in a one hour's searching oral test, entirely in Latin. He then took a term's special practical work in organic chemical analysis under Professor Cook at Boylston Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, and taught Chemistry, Physics, Analytical Geometry and Calculus, with now and then French or German, or both, at his American Alma Mater, St. Francis Xaviers College, New York City, and Georgetown University, D. C., until 1892. He then completed a four years' course in Scholastic, Moral, Scriptural and Patristic Theology, with a three years' course in Hebrew at Woodstock College, Md., after which he successfully passed his two hours' oral examination "ad gradum" "De Universa Theologia et Philosophia," entirely in Latin by way of objection to and defense of a hundred and fifty selected theological and philosophical theses.

He then taught successively at St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Georgetown University, D. C., and Upland, Indiana, from which school he came to us as teacher of Modern Languages and Greek.

Professor Deck is one of the strongest members of the faculty. He is highly esteemed by the students of the institution. He is a man of many tongues, a profound thinker and a thorough instructor

We, the Class of 1906, have especially shown our love for Professor Deck by adopting his name as the name of our class.

Class Song.

With spirit. Words and Music by JAMES J. DECK, A. M.

1. A shout re-sounds like thun-der-peal, 'Mid roar of surf and clang of steel;
2. We stand in might of manhood, strong To smite, to crush all slav-ish wrong;
Refrain
Ho, ho! hur-rah! de-spite all tricks, Long live our class of nine-teen six. Then,
With love of truth, of bosoms swell, We'll guard our hearts in du-ty well. Then,
fel-lows, all with loud ac-claim, Then, fel-lows, all in loud ac-claim, Let thro' the
rall.
world ring out, ring out our name, Let thro' the world ring out, ring out our name.

— 3 —

Our Alma Mater! from our heart,
True love of thee shall ne'er depart;
While blood remains and mind recalls
Love shall be green for thy dear halls.

Refrain—Then, fellows, etc.

— 4 —

Our vows resonnd, our young life flows,
In golden light our banner glows;
The hearts of "nineteen six" will be
Firm in all truth and unity.

Refrain—Then, fellows, etc.

Mac Avoy.

Junior Officers.

H. K. Burrell,	*President.*
Porter Hardman,	*Vice-President.*
Blanche Hardesty,	*Secretary.*
Rodney Stemple,	*Treasurer.*

Mac Avoy.

CLASS ROLL.

Juniors

1. Aubrey Douglass Crummett, Classical, Parkersburg, W. Va.

2. John Wesley Gilmore, Scientific and Literary, Jollytown, Pa., Chrestomathean, left tackle football '03, right tackle football '04, Captain football team '05, left guard and Manager of basketball team, Director of Athletic Association.

3. William Floyd Haws, Scientific, Rock Oak, W. Va., Excelsior, left guard basketball, substitute left half-back football.

4. Eusebius Angelo Graham, Classical, Wheeling, W. Va., substitute quarter-back football team.

5. Ireta Eleanor Lowe, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va., Chrestomathean, Associate Editor of '06 "Murmurmontis."

6. Justin Henderson, Classical, Buckhannon, W. Va.

7. Homer Arthur Hoskins, Scientific, Weston, W. Va., Chrestomathean, Y. M. C. A.

8. Andrew Brown Hall, Literary, Cairo, W. Va., Treasurer of Chrestomathean Society Winter term '05, Prophet of Junior Class '05.

9. Lura Alma Law, Literary, Lawford, W. Va., Corresponding Secretary of Excelsior Spring term '05, President of Whatsoever Kings' daughters, Vice-President Y. W. C. A. for '06, Associate Editor '06 "Murmurmontis."

10. Lylah Villa Kryder, Normal, Davis, W. Va., Excelsior and Y. W. C. A.

11. Alma McCormick, Elocution, Buckhannon, W. Va.

12. Grover Foster Hedges, Literary, Spencer, W. Va., Chrestomathean, Associate Editor '06 "Murmurmontis."

13. Iva Farnsworth, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va.

14. Carrie Lillian Moore, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va.

Mac Avoy.

CLASS ROLL.

Juniors.

1. Jasper Hammond Haws, Rock Oak, W. Va.

2. Frederick McClay, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va.

3. Berlin Clark Singleton, Scientific, Racket, W. Va., Chrestomathean.

4. Jessie Thomas Shaffer, Classical, Kingwood, W. Va., Secretary Chrestomathean Winter term '05.

5. Ora Lee Cook, Literary, Wallace, W. Va., Chrestomathean, left field baseball team.

6. Herbert Lowe Smith, Classical, Wallace, W. Va., Excelsior, Treasurer of Y. M. C. A. for '06.

7. Daniel Luke Moon, Classical, Gormania, W. Va., Chaplain of Excelsior Winter term '05, Assistant Editor-in-Chief '06 "Murmurmontis."

8. William Pickles, Literary, Wheeling, W. Va.

9. Raymond Francis Poling, Commercial-Science, Buckhannon, W. Va.

10. Larah Alice Brake, Scientific, Auburn, W. Va., Excelsior.

11. Anna Grace Pettit, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va.

12. Blair Wilson Roberts, Classical, Moundsville, W. Va., Excelsior, President Y. M. C. A. for '06, Editor-in-Chief of '06 "Murmurmontis," right half-back football team '03 and '04, third base on baseball team '04.

13. George Noyen Steyer, Classical, Steyer, Md., Excelsior, Y. M. C. A.

14. Grace McCleary, Literary, Belton, W. Va., Pianist of Excelsior '05 Spring term, Recording Secretary of Y. W. C. A. for '06.

Mac Avoy

CLASS ROLL.

Juniors.

1. Howard Kenwell Burrell, Engineering, Weston, W. Va., Excelsior, Secretary Y. M. C. A. for '06, President '05 Junior Class.

2. Blanche Opal Hardesty, Literary, Buckhannon, W. Va., Pianist Winter and Spring terms '05 of Chrestomatheans.

3. Harry Edward Caldabaugh, Engineering, Wheeling, W. Va., Excelsior, Associate Editor of '06 "Murmurmontis," Vice-President Y. M. C. A. for '06.

4. Hal F. Morris, Scientific, Buckhannon, W. Va., Chrestomathean, Business Manager '06 "Murmurmontis."

5. Alma Floy Jackson, Art, Clarksburg, W. Va.

6. Porter Hardman, Classical, Homer, W. Va., Chrestomathean, Vice-President of '05 Junior Class.

7. Audre Prichard, Music, Buckhannon, W. Va., Associate Editor of '06 "Murmurmontis."

8. Della Claypool, Scientific, Buckhannon, W. Va.

9. Rodney Milton Stemple, Scientific, Aurora, W. Va., Chrestomathean, Treasurer of '05 Junior Class, Assistant Manager football team '06.

10. F. Earle Swearingen, Literary, Farmington, W. Va., Excelsior, Historian of '05 Junior Class.

11. Ira Bailey Thomas, Literary, Cameron, W. Va., Chrestomathean, Associate Editor '06 "Murmurmontis."

12. Simon Elijah Zirkle, Classical, Philippi, W. Va., Treasurer Spring Term '05 of Excelsior.

13. Cyrus Earl Webb, Scientific, Bridgeport, W. Va., Treasurer fall term '05 Excelsior, Manager of baseball team '05, substitute half-back football '04.

14. James Pickens, Literary, Quilt Dell, W. Va.

History of the Junior Class

HISTORY has been up to the present time divided into three periods: The Ancient, the Medieval and the Modern, but this year adds another distinct division.

I think already I can see the readers of this short sketch breathlessly scanning the lines further down to see what this great division is, and of what class of people it gives the history. But, readers, if you had noticed the Preps, Freshmen, Seniors and even those all wise and all mighty college men stand aside for the Juniors you would not have been in the dark concerning this history. The new division is the history of "The Deck Class of '06."

The history of the Middle Ages shows greater results and greater advancement in civilization than does the Ancient age. While we are nearly overwhelmed by the great advancement of the Modern age over both the others, the history of the Modern cannot boast of such laurels as have been won by "The Deck Class of '06."

In order to appreciate freedom we should read the history of countries where men were held in bondage; to appreciate political liberty we must read of tyranny; to appreciate religious freedom, we must read the history of religious persecution, and to appreciate the "Deck Class," we must read its history and the history of other classes.

We were enrolled as Freshmen in September, 1903, for the purpose of protection to ourselves. We not only succeeded in doing that, but also helped protect the persecuted "Whites" from their enemies the "Pearsons." After a hard battle we passed through the Freshman year and went home.

In October, 1904, we assembled again, but this time to organize as Juniors. Oh how happy we were that day when our names were read off the faculty's approved list as full-fledged Juniors, and when our names were put on the roll of the Junior Class.

As we take a retrospective view of our past school life, many things of which we never before thought, suggest themselves. Here we are in school, fifty members strong. A few years ago we had no existence as a class. Our now beloved school was here, but other students occupied the places we now fill. They graduated and went out into the world. (Karry and Dad excepted.) So shall we, but before doing so we shall leave our enormous foot-print, not on the Campus, but on the sands of time that shall last through the ages to come and show the good work done by "The Deck Class of '06."

Last year's historian told us of the evil works of the "Whites," and we notice that they continue in their wrongdoings. While the Juniors were deep in their studies, looking forward to the time when they should leave that enormous foot-print, the "Whites," chased by "Doc" and "Uncle George," were making hasty tracks across the Campus. Verily, the rains descended and the floods came, and the foot-prints which they made were washed away. The only honor they had won was a record for swift running.

Every department of the institution owes thanks to the Juniors for its support and its advancement. This season's football team would have witnessed a great defeat if it had not been for the Juniors' strong help. The tennis courts would have been as a "drop in the bucket," if it had not been for the Juniors to liven them up and make tennis one of the most interesting games of the athletic department. Yet the Freshmen did their part. They are to be praised for their noble part of standing around the courts, with their mouths open to their widest extent, catching the stray balls that came their way. Doctor Wier thought that so many tennis balls would not be good for their stomachs, and he notified them to charge their regular meeting place from the tennis courts to "The Temple of Feelossofee." This season's baseball team is strongly backed by Juniors and the end of the season will show a victory for "Varsity" that it has never known in the history of the school.

In every department of the school work the Juniors take an active part, and no better is this seen than in the Society work. The Juniors have appeared on the programs against the Seniors, and even the College Juniors and Seniors, and have no reason to be ashamed of their work.

But this is idle boasting. Let our good work, and not our own words praise us. We have passed through many trials and temptations and as we look back on our Junior and our Freshman years, we feel that we have a great load off our backs, although it has been a pleasant task to perform the duties connected with each year's work, and now as we are on the threshold of Seniority, we can look forward with still greater pleasure to what is before us.

Little Freshmen, as you are about to become Juniors, we bid you to follow, not in the tracks of the "Whites" on the campus, but in the steps of your predecessor "The Deck Class," and easily will you overcome all the hardships connected with the Junior year and in the end you will come out victorious. —HISTORIAN.

Junior Class Prophecy.

SOME people are accustomed to walk in their sleep. Now, although I am not usually afflicted with this terrible malady, yet one night in spring, I entrusted myself to the guidance of Somnus and rambled.

After many adventures and a long walk, I at length reached a spot which seemed to have better environments than the surrounding country, and I began to fear that I was on forbidden ground. In due time, my fears were fully realized; for a huge monster came out from behind a pine bush and chased me. My pursuer was very persistent, and as he followed me even into the forest, I began to despair of my life, but looking ahead, I saw what appeared to be a hermit's lodge.

Availing myself of this last chance to escape, I knocked on the door. A gruff voice from within asked, "Who are you?" Answering, I said, "I am a member of the Class of '06." The door was quickly unbolted, and upon entering, my deliverer said; "You are welcome to *me* house; but you will not be safe here." After thinking a moment, he led the way through a trap door into the cellar. Here he left me to think over my predicament; but a drowsy feeling soon came over me and I slumbered.

I had slept but for a short time when a strange sound, coming from a corner of the room, awakened me. A fearful darkness filled the room and a terrible stillness prevailed. The silence was soon broken by some unknown voice saying, "I am Faunus, the god of prophecy, and the hermit is my servant. He hid you here because he knew that I had much to say to you. I want to show you what the inhabitants of the world will be doing in the next fifty years."

I thanked him for his good will and bade him continue.

He began by telling me that all the professors and professoresses would become easy on the deserving Class of '06, and that they were disputing whether to have a class graduate in '05 or not, as only two members would be able to make an honest grade; several members having been already caught riding or driving ponies around in the night.

Then he said, "I have just returned from looking at the plans, which make perpetual motion exceedingly simple. Pedestrolopedes will be invented, making the speed of the ordinary man equal to that of Hiawatha. Guns will be used, having such power that ten men will be able to defeat a regiment armed with our inferior weapons. The origin of life will be found and the north pole will be used as a health resort, by the rich. Surgery will be so far advanced that if a man were to lose his arm it could be replaced in a few days. The young ladies, by using water sterilized after a new process, will be able to have beautiful complexions. All this will be accomplished by members of the Class of '06.

"One of our class will be President of the United States, and at the same time another will get possession of the kingdom of Great Britain; the two will be united and the United States will be at the head of the governments. The whole world will then be conquered and the governors of all the different divisions will be members of the Class of '06. The great capitol will be placed in West Virginia and the city will extend all over the state.

"Others of the members will be great artists and musicians, and their fame will reach even to the stars. Every member will be blessed except one. His will be a hard lot; for he will become a pedagogue, and will teach the flunking members of the Class of '07 their A B C's; but it will not last long, for they will soon die of over-eating.

"In fact, honor and glory will be the goal that all the members of your class will reach. Now I have told you many things that shall happen to you and yours, and you can find your way out of this room and to your home without difficulty. May good luck go with the members of your class through the many ways they have to travel."

I again thanked him and then started on my journey homeward. After reaching my destination I retired to dream of my interview with Faunus.

Junior Class Poem

The blue and the gold of the Juniors,
  Waves over hearts brave and true,
Who as they go down life's pathway,
  Find something useful to do.

Two years have we labored together,
  And all of our battles have won;
Our hearts will be joined in the conflict,
  E'en after school battles are done.

Thick clouds have hung darkly above us,
  And threatened our downfall to be,
But as ever through clouds that are darkest
  The silvery lining we see.

We'll ever press onward and upward,
  Our eyes on the summit we'll fix;
Success is the cry and the watchword,
  Of the Class of Nineteen and Six.

Our Junior days soon will be ended,
  Though happy and bright they have been;
We will meet in the promising future,
  But never as Juniors again.

Freshman Class

Freshman Class.

—

Motto:

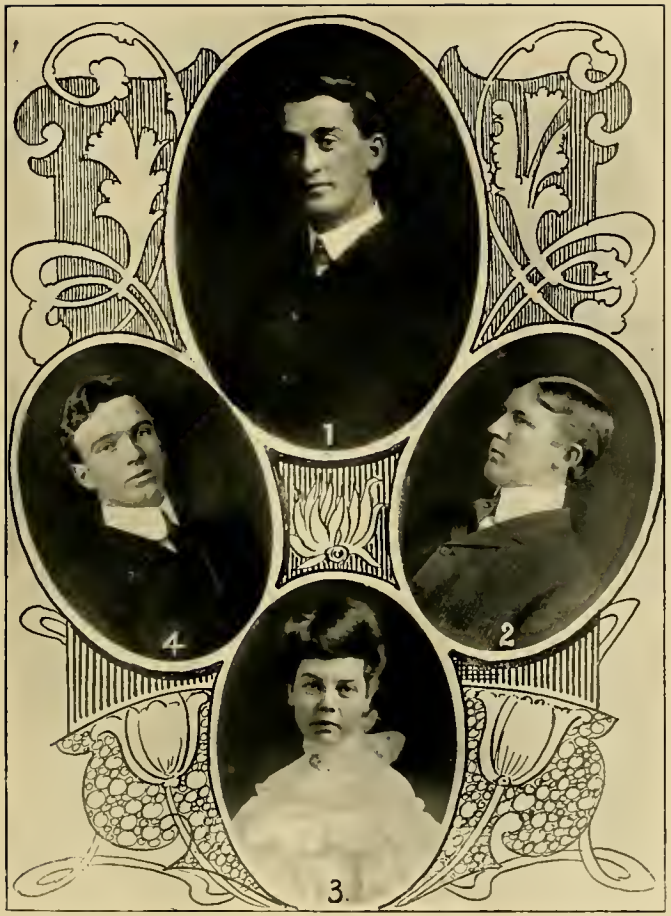
Labore Vicinus.

Colors:

Maroon and Black.

Yell:

Beat us! Beat us! I don't guess,
We're the class that lead the rest;
We have the brain; and make the fuss,
No class in school compares with us.



Mac Avoy.

Freshman Officers.

C. A. Brake,	*President*
George Hamrick,	*Vice-President*
Minnie Merrills,	*Secretary*
Harry Sheets,	*Treasurer*

Mac Avoy.

CLASS ROLL.

Freshmen.

1. C. A. Coffman,
2. H. L. Carney,
3. Wilson Barlow,
4. Nellie Chidester,
5. Nellie Forman,
6. Harry Forman,
7. Eleanor Ford,
8. B. L. Cunningham,
9. J. H. Cuppet,
10. H. C. Brake,
11. J. Flor Anglen,
12. Daisy Wells Furbee,
13. Bertha Douglas,
14. Maude Bowman,
15. D. C. Ewing.

Mac Avoy.

Freshman Class Roll.

1. Floyd Hanifan,

2. G. F. Hamrick,

3. Lelia Morrison,

4. Bess Piggott,

5. A. B. Hodges,

6. A. T. Hanah,

7. Minnie Jane Merrells,

8. J. R. Hammond,

13. Mamie O'Neal,

10. Chauncey Morgan,

11. Georgia Kellar,

12. J. T. Moon,

13. C. W. Lockery,

14. Guy Lewis,

15. Edith Rohrbough.

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CLASS ROLL.

Freshmen.

1. J. R. Raine,
2. Lauren O'Roark,
3. Erma Snodgrass,
4. Pearl Wisman,
5. Marie Bedford,
6. J. L. Marquess,
7. Earl Sheets,
8. Olive E. Trevey,
9. L. R. McCormick,
10. Harry Sheets,
11. Mabel Snodgrass,
12. Guy Halderman,
13. Ethel Hoffman,
14. H. E. Stansberry.

Freshman Class History.

IT was in September, 1904, that the Freshman Class met and organized. From this it will be readily understood that our history is short, yet we are glad to know that the short life of the class does not prevent its being the most brilliant.

To tell whence we came would be a stupendous task indeed, but we do know that we represent every state and nearly every county that has a representation in the school. Though young in years we are a class of experience and travel. Would you know of any counties from Hancock to McDowel or from Jefferson to Wayne, ask the Freshman Class. Would you have a description of the far West, even a description of the "Golden Gates of the Pacific" ask the Freshman Class, or perhaps if this is all old to you, a description of old England would be of interest. The Freshman Class can give you that also.

Because of these varied experiences and our good, sound sense we have learned to be honest with ourselves and have cut out the time-worn and honored customs of previous classes of ponying through the "Zams." These facts have caused the other classes to be jealous of us and to cry out against us saying: "They are a foppish, self-important set, who will not follow our example, neither will they take midnight strolls or go snipe hunting, but simply stay in their rooms and grind." It is not only these little refusals that have caused the Juniors and Seniors to take such a decided stand against us. They see that the faculty has recognized our superior ability, for we are found casting a brilliant light and diffusing enthusiasm for work in every department of the school. We perform on the most classical programs, both musical and elocution. We have won honor in all the games in which this institution has participated this school year; we were known and felt in the greatest football team ever organized in Buckhannon and we are not without honor or representation in both baseball and basketball. We even furnish a supplement to the faculty in the business department, and also some of the best members of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., many of whom secured liberal donations to the ready fund for the proposed Y. M. C. A. building besides having contributed generously of their own means.

Great has been the honor showered upon the faculty and students of the W. U. W. V. regarding their action in the recent calamity, the burning of our beloved building. No comment or eulogy is needed upon the coolness and bravery displayed by the members of our class. We hesitated not, but did with a will what our hands found to do; we showed our bravery then and are showing our loyalty now by sticking to our work and just grinding on, with a bright picture of a grander and more commodious building forming and reforming in our minds.

With all these facts of past history, which are infallible indices to a most illustrious future, can any one do other than to admire our class or prophesy other than that we are starting a wave of good fortune which shall continue to roll on, even to the very gates of eternity?

Freshman Class Prophecy.

I was sitting in my room, wondering what would be the future of our wonderful class, when I fell asleep, and dreamed that I had a dream in which I dreamed that I fell asleep, and dreamed that I was in Buckhannon, in the year 1937, riding about the city in J. C. Morgan's private car on his newly invented railless and wreckless railroad.

The town had grown much larger and had made many changes for the better since I had been there last; but what pleased me most was the fact that the majority of these improvements had been brought about by my old classmates.

On this tour of inspection about the town I found many of those same old classmates engaged in various occupations, such as, Sheets hanging on the line, Moon casting re-reflections upon the earth, and Dr. McCormick filling a "Harrah's" teeth. Besides other places too numerous to mention we stopped at the jail. There I saw Stathers, Lockery and Brown peering through the bars of a cell. The warden informed me that Stathers was imprisoned for discovering the North Pole, Lockery for destroying it and Brown for forgetting where it had been.

At last wearied by the newness and strangeness of everything about me, I asked to be driven out along the river bank, where I might find rest and solitude. But even here were my old friends. Miss Morrison was sitting on the bank fishing for the whale that swallowed "Jonah" (Bowman). "How is Anglen?" I asked. "Very poor," she answered. "I have not had a bite for three days." We proceeded for a few rods further and the car stopped with a jolt. The motorman told us that George Hamrick was taking his grand-children on a picnic, to the woods, and that the road would be blockaded for an hour.

While waiting for the road to be cleared, my friend, who was a great traveller, told me about a few of the interesting things he had seen our classmates doing. He told of being in Hodgeville, where he saw our Secretary out in the back-yard chopping wood for the Mayor of that city. In the South Sea Cannibal Islands he had found Miss Wisman teaching school. While he was visiting her school, she was forced to chastice one of her pupils severely for bringing Murphy steak and Cuppet sandwiches to school with them for lunch. He had seen Brake in Borneo teaching the "Wild Man's" family to sing; also Professor Hodges teaching the "Wild Man's" daughter. Here the car began to move and I awoke.

Dreams have been known to come true, but as this one is thrice removed from reality, we will hope for the best for both our class and the remainder of the population of the earth.

Freshman Class Poem.

Should you ask me why this story,
Why these fancies and vain musings,
With the odor of the schoolroom,
With the taste of ink and pencil,
With the simple tales of school life,
Filled with frequent repetitions;
I should answer, I should tell you
Long ago some idle persons
In attendance in some college
Thought one year to tell the story
Of their joys and great successes.
Listen, then, to this narration
Of the Class of Nineteen-seven,
Famous for its zeal and courage,
Widely known for truth and virtue,
And for many deeds of greatness.
They were honest in their studies,
They would never use a pony.
And tho' sometimes they have fallen
And been called into the office,
This fact should not cause amazement,
Should not cause undue exitement;
For in this, you see, they followed
In the footseps of the Seniors,
Whose lost greatness we would liken
To the Hoop Wah of the Red Man.
They could please all their professors
As each day they solved new problems,
Problems even in the Algebra,
In the book of deep, deep questions,
In the book of long equations,
None too puzzling for some members
Of this class of brilliant students.
Some could draw the finest pictures
Of the class and of the teachers,
Draw them on white walls alluring,
Which are splendid things for drawing.
Tho' these things meet not the approval
Of a few of the professors,
Yet the talent was apparent
And will some day make them famous.

Ofttimes have they heard strange stories
Of the other classes striving,
Striving by fair means or foul ones
To bring glory to their classes;
How, some evenings, in the midnight,
In their numerous nightly revels,
They have sought times without number
To remove the Doctor's carriage,
Stole his horse, brought cows to chapel,
Painted stables into temples
And indulged in numerous follies.
Nineteen-seven spurned such weakness,
It had wisdom and much greatness
And despised all such madness.
It instead has won such honors
That its fame will last forever.
Thus is ended, thus is finished
Our narration of the Freshmen,
Of the Class of Nineteen-seven.

The Prep Class.

Motto

To be done rather than to do.

Colors

Pumpkin yellow and pretty pink.

History and Prophecy of the Preps.

SIDERIN the saimness no ourn histry and proffiсy I thinks it bees nigh unto the goodest to put hit al tugathre in these saim dooinses. And theirbye by dueing it al up thuss make the two one, fore goin a heap a sight furder I sinseerlie wishe two thank mi class sum fur givvin to my the honner ov dueing this an will say i wil doo her to mi goodest cabilitie. The studdents air all cut up in a hole lot of classs. The ones two the hed is the Juniors, then cums thas frashmens, then them seniores is, and last butt no leest is the paritory studentz. Those last wuns is the wuns consarnin whose in writin.

Wel nigh neer unto the biggest most ov us is just from hoamee and ainth bin heere moar than per yeare er theiraboutz sumwhere butt during the which sum off uss has come too beein pourfull famefull sures your born. Deed allreddy now we have sum which kan preech great big to beet the band, and more which kan talk sum and speachify elegently. Im sure it peers to me this is an thing to be a right smart stuck up about.

The one which is sow awful famefull onlye kamed heer this year already now hee is teechin one of the biggest books which i has seed any teecher carrying round about yet. Durin his unlong stoppin here he has urned such a big distinktion that hes named fathre of prepdom, And he preecheth sow awful nice that he bin permotered by the hed preecher too the sistant persidin eldership of the churches. As a hole our class are verry nigh sumwhat gud looking too see. We alsow in addition too have pritty neerunto a goode many in numbers i reely spect we has tremensurably moore and the hole rest put together combined. Most neerley al the classs tilfes them by numbers of the yeer theyre goin too exaggerate in and wee woullde two butt the preserdeent ov the institoot sayd he dont knew just about ezzackelly whot thyme weed git throo hear.

This yeer a grate big warkin clamity falled on our skule house an burned it cleer up too smoke and shs, butt thayve dun gone and fixt to make another purtey neer bigger than the tother. It is about two bee a hole lots of foots long and night unto that manny feets wide. If they doesnt gone and git it dun byfore summe yeers well be the furst to exaggerate in ti butt they says there goin two fix her up fine purpose fur those Juniors to get done in.

Weere cetchin on to a hoal passed of things hear in skoole. Sumtimes lots of buoys and guyrls goas a skeemin. Thats a kind ov gameses palyed unto the facklety. its lots of funny, butt the mischeef is when yet git cought an theya campus youre gurle and youre skeeming bees at and ende. Deed its a kind of sollem occasion then about that thyme.

I has sum moare proffiсy I might say butte spaice wont let me do it so ill say bout ourn history. Siderin they superfamefullness ov our passed the lookout fur ourh futhere is better. Manny of uss afore we died will git smart sumwhat and maybe becum expresdents of Americky er doo sumthing big like unto the bigness of that himself. fur wan da a surtain sumboddy sayd were gitten the big hed already now. A hole lot of uss are gittin to be about to be sum big. Were goin to learn to diafram sentences and deed one has areddy cetched on. A nother gude thing to us is sticktuityism. We all beleeve in his pourful much. Our teecher gived unto us an offal nice mottoe wun day. He sayd if at fust ye dont suckseed just keap a suckin to ye do suckseed. Weve been a duin it and are suckceeding verrey gude, and we hopes that hour gudness will just keep a goin on fast rate now and furevvermoore.

—Prep Hystryman.

The Preps.

Oh Preps! Oh Preps! How can you see
Your way clear through on land and sea?
You study not, how can you be
Preps of truth and honesty?

If you can't learn to read and write,
Just go home and learn to fight;
For then your Pa will teach you how
To plow the corn and milk the cow.

Go borrow brains and then you can
Learn to be an honest, truthful man;
Then come to school and do your best,
To gain your knowledge like the rest.

You go to school and go to school,
And cannot learn this little rule;
"Do your best, your level best,
And Providence will do the rest."

Oh what a time at last there'll be,
When you fail to reach the goal you see;
You fool around until your' late,
And fail to reach old knowledge's gate.

Good by, little preps, and do not cry,
Go wash your face and eat your pie;
For when you think you'll gain A. B.,
You'll be old enough to cross death's sea.

Then at last the roll will call,
And you will hasten one and all;
But oh how sad will be your fate,
You enter not, they've closed the gate.

OLIVER

Business Department.

Prof. George W. Broyles,
Principal of Business Department and Treasurer of the School.

Mac Avoy.

Seniors in Business Department.

1. Harry Hall,

2. Thomas R. Hall,

3. J. C. Campbell,

4. S. J. Arboghast,

5. Anna Henkle,

6. Bertha Jenkins,

7. H. T. Brooks,

8. Otto M. Dyer,

9. C. A. Bays.

History of the Senior Class

of the Business Department.

TO omit the history of the Senior Class of the Business Department in this publication of the Annual would not only be a great injustice to the class itself but to all who should peruse the contents of these pages.

Histories of former classes have been neglected, but the history of this one should not be, for its influence is great and is felt throughout the bounds of the whole school. Its history shall go down on these pages to show to the whole world the energy and perseverance which has made our success ennobling, a model for all classes that follow.

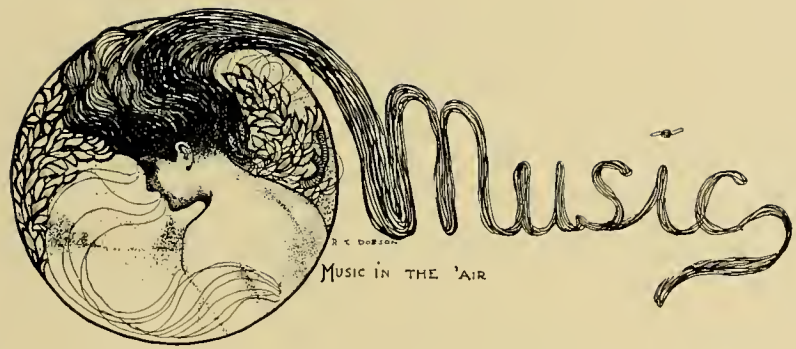
Our class represented by eight members was organized about the middle of January, 1905. Though small in numbee, it is not lacking in those qualities in its members that go to make up the lives of successful men and women. Our faces are sternly set to march forward to success. We are determined that success shall not only crown our efforts while here in school but after we leave these pleasant surroundings and go out to battle with the world. Our members are not only found doing work in the business department, but in the Y. M. C. A. and the literary societies. Our ambition is to get the best out of school life.

While in the dear "Old Sem' we could be found at work late in the afternoons while the Juniors and Seniors of the Literary Department were having class meetings and fussing over class colors, class names, and class yells.

Very few knew of the loss sustained by several of the Business Seniors in the fire. Their books lie buried in ashes deep in the debris of the fallen building. No other department of the school suffered so much loss by the fire as did the Business Department.

But after all was over we were honored above all and given the highest position in school, the fourth floor of the Ladies' Hall. Now we can look down upon all the Preps, Freshmen, Juniors, and Seniors of the Literary Department and make them feel that we stand above them all, and have the most pleasant surroundings.

—HISTORIAN.


Music
R. T. Dobson
Music in the 'Air

Music Department.

PROF. J. J. JELLY,
Director Conservatory of Music.

MRS. J. J. JELLY,
Principal Piano Department.

The Conservatory of Music.

FROM the inception of the school to the present, the faculty, with the Board of Trustees, have taken a decided interest in the study of music. They thoroughly realize that an institution falls short of its desired purpose, that drops from its curriculum the means of procuring a practical knowledge of the devine art—music. The department has taken high rank in its various departments viz., Voice, Harmony, Theory, Music History, Orchestral and Piano. The piano department has made rapid strides in the last five years. There are three regular teachers employed who devote all their time to piano teaching. One of the strong features of the school is the regular recitals which are held every two weeks, giving the student an opportunity to hear the works of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Haydn, Raff, Mozkowski and compositions of modern composers. The voice and orchestral departments could be mentioned in detail, but time and space will not permit.

When the present director took charge of the work in 1899, there had never been given one of the standard choruses. In September of the school year 1899 and 1900 there was organized a chorus of nearly one hundred voices, and we began the study of our classical choruses. The interest and enthusiasm of the choral was of such a character that the managers felt justified to take up for a miscellaneous work "The Heavens are Telling" Haydn's Creation and "Zion Awake," from Sir Michael Costo's Oratorio "Eli," which were rendered at the commencement concert. Encouraged by the success of the musical work of the closing concert, arrangements were made to take up for the coming year's study Haydn's oratorio "The Creation." The chorus was organized the latter part of September and the work progressed finely, so that by the holiday vacation the work was well under way. The evening before Commencement Day, June 5th, the work was given to a large audience, testing the seating capacity of the chapel. The soloists upon this occasion were Mrs. Flora Williams, soprano, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. James Moore, tenor, Detroit, Michigan; Mr. Walden Laskey, basso, Toledo, Ohio.

The following year there was selected the popular oratorio, Handel's "Messiah." The rehearsals began in September with a full complement of singers. The chorus was earnest and enthusiastic in the study of the great work, although many found difficulty in the execution of the long Roulade of which the work abounds. The concert was given June 4th and the Chorus was strengthened by the engagement of the Hahn Parke Ladies' String Quartette. The soloists employed were: Soprano, Miss Rachel B. Frease; contralto, Miss Winifred Reaheard; tenor, Mr. S. T. Bedoe; basso, Mr. Ernest Gamble. The organization was from Pittsburg, Pa. The selection for the following year's study was Mendelssohn's Oratorio, the "Elijah." The Chorus began the study of this great work in September of 1902. The Chorus was larger and better than that of any previous year. The singers found less difficulty in mastering the technical points than in the former work—"The Messiah." The Hahn Parke Ladies' String Quartette were employed to accompany the oratorio in addition to the piano. The artists for this occasion were: Soprano, Mrs. Anna Newcome Wannamaker, Cleveland, Ohio; contralto, Miss Kate McGuchen, Philadelphia, Pa.; tenor, A. Y. Cornell, New York; basso, Gwylin Miles, New York.

Miss Rosetta McWhorter.—'05

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

W. U. W. V.

Piano Forte Recital,

MISS ROSETTA McWHORTER, of the class of 1905.

PROGRAM

Bach,	. . . . .	Prelude and Fugue B flat.
Beethoven,	. . . . .	Andante and Variations, Op. 20
Chopin,	. . . . .	Polonaise, C sharp minor.
Stavenhagen,	. . . . .	Caprice.
Dvorak,	. . . . .	Humoresque.
Wagner-Brassin,	. . . . .	Magic Fire Scene.
Beethoven,	. . . . .	Concerto in C minor.

Orchestral parts supplied on second piano.

Miss Grace Townsend.—'05

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

W. U. W. V.

Piano Forte Recital,

By MISS GRACE TOWNSEND, of the class of 1905.

PROGRAM

Chopin,	Concerto E minor. First movement.
	Orchestral parts supplied on second piano.
Schumann,	Warum.
Chopin,	Mazurka No.
Sinding,	Chant Sans Paroles.
Brahms,	Capric Capriccio.
Glinka,	Balakirew, The Lark.
MacDowell,	Idylle.
McDowell,	Czardas.
Rubinstein,	Staccato Etude.

Famous Music Composers.

Musical Gems.

1. A musical sensation is of its very nature a refined one.

Henry Giles.

2. Who shall say that music can be other than heaven, since of itself it satisfies.

Eliza Shepard.

3. Oh! surely melody from heaven was sent
To cheer the soul when tired of human strife,
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.

H. K. White.

4. Man is scarcely ever so rude as to be beyond the reach of music.

Henry Giles.

5. Music is the most spiritual, the most impressive, and the most universal of all arts.

Henry Giles.

6. The strong breath of music seems
To waft us ever on, soaring in blissful dreams.

John Keble.

7. But tones, at times, in the music
Will bring back forgotten things.

Buhver.

8. For what can make the soul's strong instinct of another world like music.

L. E. Landon.

9. Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

O. W. Holmes.

10. 'Tis certain that music gives motion to souls.

John H. Hewitt.

11. Where music is, there is the happiest home.

Edwin Rush.

12. Music, things inanimate can move and strike the savage ear.

Luke Booker.

13. For my own part I have as little sympathy as admiration for the man who is insensible to the charms of music.

Charles Dunphie.

14. Music does not understand, it feels.

M. Hiricourt.

15. Music indeed comes nearer to the heart than any other art.

Henry Day.

16. All hearts can be reached through music, although it may speak differently to each.

Louis Lombard.

17. Genius and love never meet but the spirit of music and love is near them.

Charles Kisfaludy.

18. Good music is an almost inexhaustible mine; treasure lies upon the surface, but dig deeper and you will find more within.

William Bellars.

Humor Esques

1. DOROTHY—"Papa, the piano must be tuned in time for the reception to-night."
PAPA—"Nonsense! Play something from Wagner and they won't know the difference."
BROTHER WILLIE (*while his sister is struggling with the Sonata Pathetique*)—"Did Beethoven compose his music on a pianola?"

2. MOTHER—"Why? Willie."
WILLIE—"Because it never stops."

3.

4. LITTLE CHARLEY—"Say, Pa, what is an instrument of torture?"
PA—"The piano in the flat, upstairs, you brat."

5. Dictionary of Musical term.
Rest—An oasis in a desert of musical sounds.
Ten (*abbr*)—Count Ten.
Burden—Music that is overclassical.
Mus. Bac.—An unmarried musician.

6. HIS RULE—"Say, Tom, have you gotten so you can tell classical music?"
TOM—"Yes, when a piece threatens every minute to be a tune and always disappoints you it's classical.

7. IN THE MUSIC STORE—"Say, give me that well-known song 'On the Weser.'"
CLERK—"High or low?"
CUSTOMER—"The tide cuts no ice with me."

8. LITTLE GRETA (*to teacher*)—"I like that piece. Hasn't it got a lovely title page."

9. MRS. JELLEY—"Grace, where is C sharp?"
GRACE—"Here it is."
MRS. JELLEY—"Correct. Now where is C flat?"
GRACE (*after glancing over the keyboard several times*)—"Well, I don't know, unless it has gone down the crack between C. and B.

10. NATURAL HISTORY.
The organist—a curious bird,
Sits perched on wooden frame;
He claws the keys—it seems absurd—
And pedals into fame.

11. The sporting editor was sent out last year to report a wedding. When the paper came out that week we people of musical ability were astonished to learn that Mendel & Son's Wedding March was played at the ceremony.

12. The teachers in the music department, by their ideal method, offer unprecedented opportunities for learning to play the piano to pieces in a month.

13. "Mr Pollock, does your daughter play the piano?"

"That's what she calls it, but it sounds more like work to me."

14. Mrs. Jelley sat up and shook her husband's shoulder vigorously.

"What is it?" he mumbled.

Mrs. Jelley—"I want you to either snore in soprano, bass, alto or tenor and confine yourself to one tone. You keep switching from one to another so rapidly that I can't sleep."

15. "Your daughter's music is improving" said the professor, "but when she runs the scales I have to watch her pretty closely."

"Just like her father," said Mrs. Nuritch. "He made his money in the grocery business."

16. It is certain that if our masculine singers would organize we would have the grandest bass bawl club on earth.

17. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" said the hungry cannibal as he eagerly swallowed the trombone player.

18. At one of our concerts recently, Professor Watkins accosted one of his lady pupils who had been singing a song and objected to her pronunciation of the word "wound." He asked her, "How do you pronounce that word?"

"Woond, sir." She said.

The professor looked ugly as he said: "I never foond any groond for giving it that soond."

19. "Say, neighbor, your daughter don't look very strong."

"Thunder! She doesn't, eh? You just ought to hear her play the piano.

Advice to Piano Players.

Don't be afraid of the "loud pedal." No one else is. Master it at once. Comes in real handy at times.

Carefully avoid octaves; they make your hand look horrid.

Don't be particular about the left hand part, it doesn't amount to much anyhow. Ain't much tune to it, is there? Just tap it here and there, now and then; if you punch with confidence, a deaf man wouldn't know the difference.

Humor Esques.

How can a person learn to sing?
That's what I want to ask;
I started out some years ago,
All ardor to my task.

The teacher that I met with first,
My brain with terms would cram—
Don't use the thyroid muscle so,
Sing from the diaphragm.

He used to open wide my jaws,
And in my windpipe grope,
With little mirrors set on wires,
Called a laryngoscope.

My second teacher said my voice,
Had been quite falsely tried,
That registers were simply bosh
And must be set aside.

A third one told me that my voice,
Was built for second bass,
And if I got it focused right,
It would improve a pace.

Another told me that my breath
Must near the armpits play;
The next one said the force of tone
Within the membranes lay.

With vocal chords and diaphragm
And crico-thyroid bone,
I was becoming mystified
And could not give a tone.

But here I met the teacher gruff,
Who made my heart rejoice;
He heard me through quite patiently,
Then said "You've got no voice."

Miss Audree Pritchard.

Piano Forte Recital,

By MISS AUDREE PRITCHARD, of the class of 1906.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC,

W. U. W. V.

Raff,	Etude Melodique.
Chopin,	Fantasia Impromptu, C sharp minor.
Chopin,	Valse, E minor.
Rheinhold,	Serenade.
Strong,	Cortege Rustique.
De Bussey,	Arabesque.
Mozart,	Fantasia, C minor.

Second Piano part arranged by Grieg.

At W. U. W. V. Chorus.

'Twas at the Oratorio
Given quite a while ago,
(I think 'twas the "Creation")
Two ladies sat in front of me,
Who carried on incessantly
A whispered conversation.

Though chorus, solos all were fine,
And Haydn's arias most divine,
They never seemed to hear them;
But breathless, chattered on. I trust
Unconscious of the deep disgust
Of all the people near them.

At length a movement soft and slow
Changed to a loud "prestissimo."
Until the audience shivered;
Then one tremendous choral sweep
Came bursting forth, then into deep
Intensest silence quivered.

And in that hush profound and still,
A woman's voice, high-toned and shrill,
Was plainly heard to utter
In tones adjusted to the roar
Of music that had gone before,
"Why! we fry ours in butter!"

Vocal Music.

Class Book Song.

1. O come, let us sing of our Year Book, With col - ors of blue and of gold,
2. Now, Freshmen and Preps, we have strug-gled To set an ex - am - ple for you;
Its pag - es will need on - ly one look To prove what has al - ways been told;
The work of the Sen - iors is cud - dled In Jay's book - store and won't do;
The staff that has faith-ful - ly la - bored To make of this book a suc - cess,
May the Jun - iors, u - nit - ed, ne'er sev - er, But true to their col - ors e'er hold,
f.
Fine
Should ac-cept grate-ful thanks and be favored With a song from the W. V. C. S.
The Jun - iors, the Jun - iors for - ev - er, Three cheers for the blue and the gold.
Chorus.
D. S.
With a song from the W. V. C. S., With a song from the W. V. C. S.,
Three cheers for the blue and the gold. Three cheers for the blue and the gold,

Elocution.

Elocution Department.

Mary Ben Dicken,
Principal of Elocution Department.

Elocution.

ELOCUTION and oratory seek to develop not the voice alone, nor the gesticulating powers in themselves, but the whole man, and then to teach him to express his thoughts, feelings and convictions through his own individual and ideal character. It teaches him the power of giving impressions as they have been received. It also teaches students to be not readers merely, but thinkers as well. There is no calling or station, no association of business or social life, but feels the stimulating and refining effects of this culture.

The human voice is the greatest power among men, and in these days of advancement it is becoming more and more a necessity in every vocation of life to have men able to convince and move men to action.

Elocution Students.

1905

Arlice Billingslea,
Lura Bonnett,
Isadore Stout,
Bess Gibson.

1906

Anna McCormick.

Private Lessons.

Lela Morrison,
Mary Pifer,
Flossie Ford,
Ocie Downs,
Nell Martin,
Edith Rohrbough,
Ethel Hoffman,
Edna Bartlett,
Oma Barnes,
Mr. Tallman,
Mr. Caldabaugh,

Class Elocution.

Jennie Cunningham,
Ocie Downs,
Eleanor Ford,
Ethel Hoffman,
Georgia Kellar,
Nell Martin,
Anna McCormick,
Ireta Lowe.
Mary Wheeler,
Goldie Tenant,
Mary Pifer.

Debating Class.

Arthur Hodges,
J. C. Morgan,
Jocie Spencer,
Anna McCormick.

Senior in Elocution

Lura Bonnett.—'05.

LURA BONNETT, a native of Berlin, West Virginia, first entered the Seminary in the spring of 1903.

She is an active member of the Chrestomathean Literary Society, representing the same at the Special Program in the spring of '05.

In the evening spent with "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" she showed careful training in the art she has chosen for her life work.

Senior in Elocution.

Alice Christie Billingslea—'05.

ALICE CHRISTIE BILLINGSLEA, of Amos, W. Va., entered our school in the fall of 1902. She cast her lot with her Excelsior Society and is also a strong member of the Y. W. C. A.

In her rendition of "The Crisis" she showed her ability to instruct as well as to entertain.

Senior in Elocution.

Isadore Stout—'05.

ISADORE STOUT, of Mount Clair, Harrison County, first peeped in upon us in the winter of 1902. Ever since her arrival she has been an inspiration to the Excelsior Society and the Y. W. C. A.

"In the Palace of the King" was rendered in the charming style that distinguishes her from her sister Seniors.

Senior in Elocution.

Bess Gibson—'05

BESS GIBSON, hails from Tunnelton, Preston County. She came into our midst at the beginning of the Spring Term of 1902. She has proven herself a loyal member of both the Y. W. C. A. and the Chrestomathean Literary Society.

The manner in which she presented "St. Elmo" to us is one worthy of the highest praise.

Physical Culture Class.

Tensia Ash,
Anna Baker,
Russell Barlow,
Edna Bartlett,
Maude Bartlett,
Irene Fallen,
Katherine Faulkner,
Eleanor Ford,
Ethel Hoffman,
Edith Rohrbough,
Jessie Setter,
Macel Hyer,
Lulu Hyer,
Ruth Core,
Ocie Downes,
Daisee Furbee,
Emma Harris,
Gertrude Manown,
Minnie Merrills,
Maude Piggott,
Isadore Stout,
Goldie Tenant,
Francis Clayton,
Lela Morrison.

Art Department.

The Art Department.

FIRST, we wish here to express our sincere gratitude to the few valiant young men and boys who with such deliberate manner and encouraging voices, even when the excitement of the fire was at its height, offered to save the things belonging to the Art Department. It is because of their good muscle and ready agility that the work of the department has gone on with full equipment, as before the fire.

The inconvenience of our rather cramped temporary quarters has been cheerfully accepted, while in the midst of our work our minds now and then travel into the near future, when we shall have a much more spacious studio than that in the old building, with the very necessary addition of a fine sky-light.

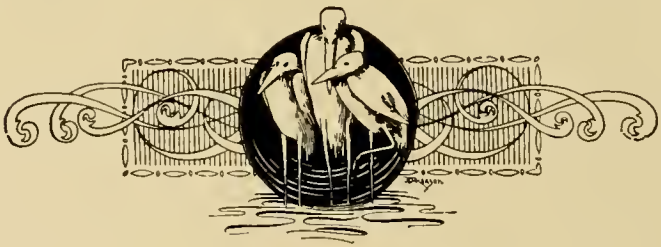
With such a studio, equipped as it will be, there is no reason why there should not be such serious work accomplished by those who shall study for Art's sake, as will be worthy to compete for scholarship in the Art schools of New York and elsewhere, and the best practical advantages given to those who are required to have free-hand drawing in order to succeed in their prospective professions, such as mechanical, engineering, architecture or teaching.

A prize has been offered this year for the best charcoal drawing of the Venus of Melos, independent of criticism, which is the last requirement of the first year's study in the regular course. This offer has been made upon the condition that as the year draws toward the close there shall be at least as many as three students sufficiently advanced to enter such a competition. We hope in time to offer prizes for the best original still-life study in oil and also in water colors.

Here in this splendid location, in the very center of the state, the Art Department of the W. U. W. V. offers to those who are artistically inclined three years of such thorough foundation work as will fit those who take the training to enter upon advanced work in the great Art schools of this and other countries.

It requires only the encouragement of the sons and daughters of the state to give this department the same flourishing future that is inevitably in store for the University as an institution of broad learning.

BLANCHE MORRIS LAUCK.



Blanche M. Lauche,
Principal of Art Department.

Art Department.

Life class at work in temporary quarters. *Mac Avoy.*

Art Junior.

Alma Jackson—'06.

Freshmen.

Miss Trotter, Edith Rohrbough,
Marie Benford, Mabel Pritchard,
Edith Smith, Bessie Robinson.

Preparatory to Mechanical Course.

A. C. Caldabaugh, B. C. Singleton,
Rodney Stemple, Carl Swecker,
Maud Bailey—China.

Art Studio Gossip.

Miss Lauk as was reputed,
Is an artist of some skill;
And if not so particular
She would more than fill the bill.

She sometimes gets a little huffy
When a line is not quite right,
So you had better do your drawing
When she is somewhere out of sight.

Alma, the patient and mild,
When twelve o'clock comes you'd go wild.
She makes for the door with a rush,
Nor puts away palette nor brush.

Miss Trotter applies
Both her mind and her eyes
And makes no bad stagger at Art.
C. Morgan, the snide!
Over all he would ride,
His opinion to hold from the start.

Caldabaugh, of the big solemn eye,
He's always got too much to do.
If he can't substitute,
From this school he will scoot.
So Fac, you beware—Tra la la!

"Why, Mr. S-w-e-c-k-e-r-! Don't you see!
You can't shade a cube like a sphere."
No'm you can shade a cube like a sphere"
"Well, what shall I do with you, Oh Dear!

Bess Robinson, fie,
Ye could put in your eye
All the work that she does in the stu.
Stu. That's the short for studio! Hey!
But Bess she'll get there some day.

Maud Baily runs somewhat
To China and cheek
In spite of advice she's received.
Her talent is plain,
But her arguing weak,
The conventional style is her lane.

Miss Rohrbaugh roars "I can't,"
But in the end she'll do.
Edith Smith works valiant
And she'll get there, too.

Clark and Rodney,
Tall and slim,
Each bends to his work
Like an oaken limb.

The child of the school is Mabel,
Who speaks seldom and low,
But to draw she is able.

Others there are, we feign
Would name.
They're in the teacher's book
If you look.

HAUGHT, *Teacher*, SWECKER, CALDABAUGH, ALLMAN, HAMRICK, BUMGARDNER, PICKENS, JENKINS, SINGLETON, STEMPLE, BRAKE, PICKLES, BURRELL, TEETS, MILLS, *Teacher*.

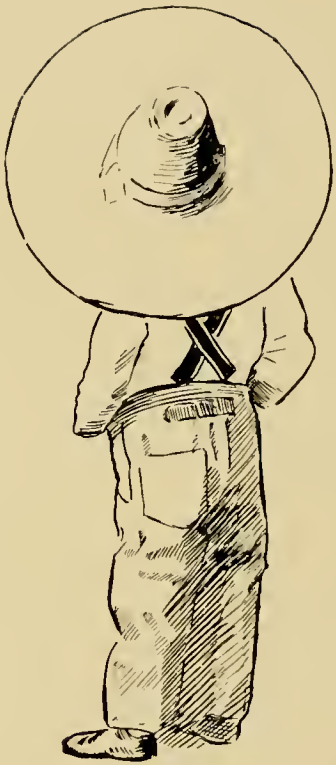
Engineering Corps.

Engineering as a Profession.

IN this profession, as in every other, there is always room at the top. In this, as in no other, there is always a large class in no sense prepared for their work because there is almost no law on the subject. Any young man can easily acquire a few of the more evident qualifications of an engineer by observation and practice and too often he is content with this and stops.

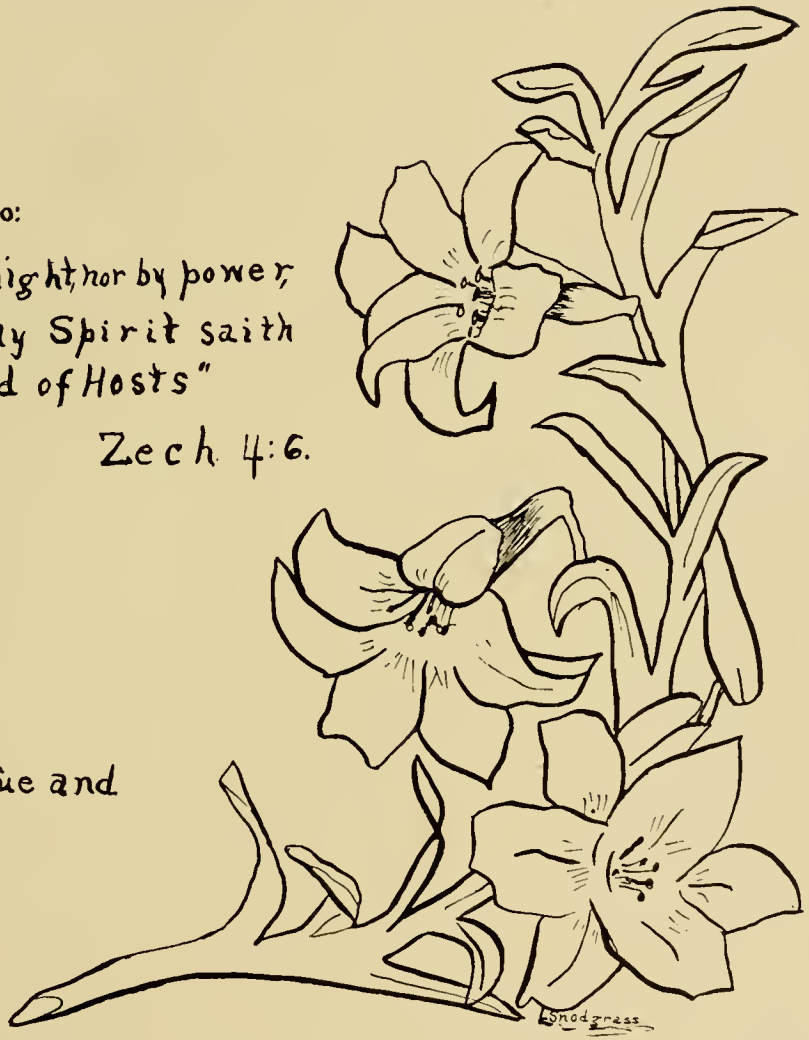
The possibilities ahead of the well equipped engineer are very great. The industrial development of the country is in his hands. Capital, seeking investment, waits on his approval of any great enterprise. The enterprise once approved and begun, depends upon him for guidance to the saving of thousands upon thousands of dollars. No profession calls for a higher grade of character than engineering. Numberless opportunities for dishonesty occur against which there is absolutely no safeguard except the integrity of the engineer. The wonder is that the law has put so few barriers about entrance to the profession.

Engineering calls for intellectual and educational qualifications of the highest order. The more profound his knowledge of the natural sciences, mathematics, law, and the industrial arts, the more efficient will his services be, and the more they will be sought after. It opens to the active young man many avenues for the profitable employment of his energies. Oftentimes he has the first chance at great opportunities. His is the first eye to see the place where capital may be safely invested. If he is honest, intelligent, and capable he is worth many times his salary to his employee. The practice of the profession appeals to the spirit of adventure so common in young men of energetic disposition. The experienced engineer is nearly always a man who has traveled widely. The accomplishment of the seemingly impossible is his favorite achievement. At his bidding the heart of the mountain becomes the highway of commerce, rivers flow through the hills. Niagara toils in harness and oceans clasp hands across the continents. The armies and navies of the world build their achievements on foundations of his making. If Nature builds a barrier to the world's achievement, he pierces it, if she digs a canon, he bridges it, if she buries her treasures, he bores straight to them. It is his business to subdue and use nature. For this reason the profession appeals strongly to those who love struggle and enjoy mastery. It allures all who delight in the triumph of mind over matter. It has done much for the world and will do yet more, for it has only begun.



Y. W. C. A.

Motto:
"Not by might, nor by power,
but by My Spirit saith
the Lord of Hosts"
Zech 4:6.



Colors:
Dark blue and
white.

The Young Woman's Christian Association.

CHRISTIAN associations are the centers around which the religious life of a school revolves. The Young Woman's Christian Association of the Wesleyan University of West Virginia is one of the most helpful agencies of the Church, in bringing about the extension of Christ's kingdom in the school. This year has been a year of prayer and many brave beginnings. New departments, especially the Bible and Mission Work, have been taken up and have become strong forces of the association. A result of a course of Bible study is an increase of spiritual life and activity, as is seen in our own association today. A short experience has shown that the opportunities are large and the possibilities of development of Bible study in the school are great.

The weekly devotional services during the year have been very good. The association not only influences the students to become Christians, but what is even better, it also affords strength for living daily consecrated Christian lives. A great deal of good is done by entering quietly in to the lives of students, by coming to know them better and by doing the little every-day things which help them to adjust themselves more perfectly to their environments.

The future years bid fair to be a time when many enterprises already begun shall go on to completion. When new departments shall become a regular part of the association fabric. By earnest prayer and a high degree of enthusiasm the realization of the highest ideal in our association work is possible.

ETHEL CLARK, *Treasurer.* *Mac Avoy.*

ARLICE BILLINGSLEA, *Vice-President.* TIVA BALLINGER, *Secretary.*

FLOSSIE SNODGRASS, *President.*

Y. W. C. A. Officers.

Y. W. C. A. Roll.

Ballinger, Tiva
Barnhill, Ethel,
Bender, Julia,
Billingslea, Arlice,
Bowman, Maude,
Brake, Laura,
Broadwater,
Broyles, Eva,
Carney, Alfa,
Clark, Ethel,
Chapman, Ada,
Clayton, Willard.
Clayton, Winnie,
Core, Ruth,
Cupp, Marie,
Dauphinee, Nellie,
Dicken, Mary,
Dorr, Lowa,
Dorsey, Gail,
Dorsey, Minnie,
Douglas, Ethel,
Douglas, Bertha,
Faulkner, Katie,
Ford, Eleanor,
Forman,
Freeland, Lulu,
Furbee, Daisy,
Gibson, Blanche,
Gibson, Bess,
Graham, Clare,
Haught, Mrs. T. W.
Hinkle, Genevieve,
Hinkle, Gertrude,
Hoffman, Ethel,
King, Ora,
Kryder, Lylah,
Law, Lura,
Mace, Rosa,
Merrills, Minnie,
Matheny, Bessie,
McClary, Grace,
Morrison, Lela,
Rohrbough, Ethel,
Rohrbough, Edith,
Shaffer, Jess,
Smith, Eunice,
Scroth, Sarah,
Snodgrass, Flossie,
Stout, Isadore,
Tennant, Goldie,
Townsend, Grace,
Trevey, Olive,
Whiting, Bess,
Williams, Jennie,
Wilson, Stella,
Wisman, Pearl,

Y. W. C. A. Group.

Mac Avoy.

Mac Avoy.

MATHENY, SNODGRASS, GIBSON, SMITH, LAW, KRYDER,
SCHROTH, BRAKE, MACE, FURBEE, CLARK, HARDESTY,
WISMAN, DAUPHINEE, *Teacher*, MERRILLS,
BILLINGSLEA HOFFMAN.

Y. W. C. A. Bible Class.

Mac Avoy.

GIBSON, CUPP, STOUT, DOUGLAS, TREVEY,
GRAHAM, ROHRBOUGH. SHAFFER, MCCLEARY, WILLIAMS,
FOREMAN, DICKEN, *Teacher*, THORNELEY.

Y. W. C. A. Bible Class Roll.

Mac Avoy.

Snodgrass, Billingslea, Mace, Kryder, Trevey, Hoffman,
Merrills, Matheny, Gibson, Law, Clark, Schroth,
Wiseman, Mrs. Wier, *Teacher.* Furbee.

Mission Class.

King's Daughters.

Good Samaritan Circle.

Blanche Gibson, *President*,
Lylah Kryder,
Eunice Smith,
Bessie Pritt,
Mary Berthy,
Goldie Tennant,
Alfe Carney.

"Sunbeam."

Bessie Gibson, *President*,
Eva Woodruff,
Ethel Rohrbough,
Ruth Core,
Minnie Merrills,
Flossie Snodgrass,
Genevieve Hinkle,
Marie Cupp,
Clara Graham,
Jennie Williams,
Rosa Mace,
Pearl Wisman,
Maud Thorneley.

Whatsoever Circle.

Lura Law, *President*,
Arlice Billingslea,
Grace McCleary,
Maud Bowman,
Stella Wilson,
Sarah Schroth,
Eleanor Ford,
Olive Trevey,
Bertha Douglas,
Nana Foreman,
Ethel Hoffman,

Hand-in-hand Circle.

Ethel Clark, *President*,
Isadore Stout,
Jessie Shaffer,
Daisie Furbee,
Willard Clayton,
Greta Baker,
Zana Gump,
Bessie Pigott,
Edith Rohrbough.

King's Daughters.

Mac Avoy.

Y. M. C. A. Roll.

Anglen, J. F.,
Arbogast, S. J.,
Armentrout, O. E.,
Arnott, F. V.,
Ash, I. E.,
Bays, C. A.,
Brake, C.,
Bumgardner, A. C.,
Burrell, H. K.,
Caldabaugh, H. E.,
Carney, H. L.,
Coffman, C. A.,
Core, L. S.,
Cunningham, B. L.,
Cuppett, J. H.,
Dimmick, R. E.,
Dyer, O. M.,
Everhart, L. F.,
Ewing, D. C.,
Foreman, H. R.,
Forester, F. A.,
Gilmore, J. W.,
Goodwin, C. E.,
Hall, H. C. B.,
Hall, T. R.,
Hall, A. B.,
Hulderman, G.,
Hardman, P.,
Harrah, A. T.,
Hartley, C. H.,
Hoskins, H. A.
Hawkins, H. G.,
Ireland, R. A.,
Jenkins, J. H.,
Karrickhoff, O. E.,
Kinney, C. L.,
Law, C. O.,
Mahood, J. W.,
Marquess, J. L.,
Mason, W. L.,
McCormick, L. R.,
McCuskey, R.,
Moon, D. L.,
Moon, J. F.,
Morgan, J. C.,
Moore, E. B.,
Morris, H. F.,
Phillips, R. O.,
Raine, J. R.,
Reese, B.,
Roberts, B. W.,
Roberts, R. C.,
Robinson, P.,
Sharps, F. L.,
Shreve, J. F.,
Skidmore, O. W.,
Smith, H. R.,
Smith, H. L.,
Smith, P. M.,
Steyer, G. W.,
Swearingen, F. E.,
Swecker, C.,
Tallman, F. E.,
Thomas, I. B.,
Thornley, W. C.,
Throckmorton, J. F.,
Wells, J. E.,
Williams, O.

Y. M. C. A. Group.

Mac Avoy.

MAHOOD, MURPHY, SHREVES, LAW, CUPPETT, *Mac Avoy.*
MOON, RAINE, MILLS, *Teacher*, PICKLES, ROBERTS.

Second Year Bible Class.

MARQUESS, BYUS, ARNOTT, HARRAH, COFFMAN, ROBINSON, *Mac Avoy.*
MORGAN, SKIDMORE, CALDABAUGH, *Teacher*, MCCORMICK, DIMICK.

Bible Class.

Hulderman, Burrell, Cunningham, Moon, Brake, Smith, Mac Avoy
Mason, Karickhoff, McCuskey, *Teacher*, Hoskins, Smith,
Dyer, Carney, Zirkle, Forman.

Bible Class.

Mercer, Hawse, Sharps, Graham, Heckert, Kinney, Wells, *Teacher*, Sheets, Hedges, Hall. Propst, Hedges, Hawse, Brooks, *Mac Avoy.*

Bible Class.

ARBOGHAST, ASH, BUMGARDNER, ARMENTROUT, LEWIS, *Mac Avoy.*
GILMORE, O'NEAL, GOODWIN, *Teacher*, IRELAND, SWECKER,
THROCKMORTON, JENKINS.

Bible Class.

Mason, Harrah, Murphy, Kinney, Mercer, Robinson, *Mac Avoy.*
Steyer, Hawkins, Karickhoff, *Teacher,* Dimick, Cuppett,
McCuskey, Moon, Moon.

Mission Class.

Y. M. C. A.

SINCE the very beginning of association work in our school, the life of the Y. M. C. A. has been one of rapid growth and much benefit to our school. And now, after an organization of about four years, it can be said without hesitancy that the W. U. W. V. has the largest, strongest, and most useful College Association in our great state.

It is stronger this year than ever before. There are more members, more men in Bible study, more in mission study, and more in *active aggressive* Christian work than the association has ever seen in its history. At the organization of the Y. M. C. A. in our school there was a charter membership of sixteen. At this time there are enrolled in association work about eighty of the best young men in our school. The delegates sent to the Students' Conference at Lakeside, Ohio, last summer pledged one hundred men for Bible study in our school this year, and there is no doubt that before the school year is ended, we will have that many or more in the different Bible classes now being taught each week.

At the Convention held at Fairmont in February for the associations of West Virginia, the report of our Y. M. C. A. showed up best of all the schools in our state.

The outlook for the coming year is brighter yet, and we hope that through the influence of our Y. M. C. A. every Christian student may be made stronger and better, and that every unsaved student may be won for Christ.

Christo et Ecclisiæ.

Mac Avoy.

GILMORE, BUMGARDNER, HAMRICK, CUPP, WAUGH, MCCUE, *Captain*, ASH,
WIANT WEAVER,
CORE, ROBERTS, WALKER, GRAHAM, SHEETS,
BROOKS.

First Football Team.

The Football Season '04.

THE football season opened with enough old stars back on the gridiron to form the nucleus of a good team and a sufficient number of new players from which to draw. Without delay Captain McCue and his warriors set themselves to training with R. Waugh as coach on the line and Wiant as coach among the backs. The schedule had been carefully chosen, and by the time the first game was due the team was in excellent condition, and the student body looked forward to a victorious season.

The Philippi Athletic Club was the first team to face the Wesleyans this season, and the game resulted in a decided victory for our boys. The Regulars played the first half and the Reserves the second half.

The second game was played against Marietta College. Remembering that the Ohioans had dealt us a blow well nigh fatal the previous year, our boys entered the field fully determined to revenge the old score and to redeem themselves. Four minutes after the game was called, Walker advanced the ball over Marietta's line and Wiant failed to kick goal. In the last part of the first half the Buckeyes balanced our score and kicked goal. Early in the first part of the second half, the opposing team scored again and failed on goal. The game closed with W. U. W. V. in possession of the ball on Marietta's four-yard line.

The next game was played against Bethany at Wheeling. Owing to the bruises our boys had received playing Marietta the day before, we were in no condition to meet the Pan Handle squad. The first half closed with Bethany in possession of the ball in the center of the field, neither side having scored. In the second half Bethany crossed our goal line twice and failed at goals.

The fourth game was against the New Martinsville A. C. The game closed with four touch-downs to the credit of W. U W. V.

The fifth game was played at Parkersburg against the Ohio University of Athens. The Buckeyes kicked to the Wesleyans and Roberts broke through tackle for a sixty-five yard run and a touch-down. Wiant kicked goal. In the second half Weaver and Wiant each scored a touch-down for W. U. W. V., and Wiant kicked goals.

The last game of the season was played against the W. V. C. S. Old Stars. No grandstand plays were made, yet the game proved to be the most exciting one of the season. In the first half Roberts made an end run and scored a touch-down for the regulars, and the second half broke even. Several of our important games were cancelled. We do not know whether the teams that cancelled were afraid to meet our sturdy warriors or whether they were compelled to draw out. We regret very much that the W. V. U. disappointed us this season and we hope that they will not cancel on us again, and that another year we will have a chance to show them how football should be played.

SHEETS, HODGES. PICKENS, JENKINS, STATHERS, PROPST, GRAMAH, Cap., SHEETS, STEMPLE, HAWSE, LOCKERY, HAWSE, BROOKS, JARVIS.

Mac Avoy.

Reserve Football.

Reserve Football Team.

1904-5

The Reserve football team made a remarkably good showing this season and won all games which were played by them with the exception of one. The team manifested great enthusiasm and much credit is due them for the manner in which they assisted the Regulars in practice.

The first game played by the Reserves was against Weston. Score 38 to 0 in favor of the Reserves.

The second game was played against Clarksburg T. A. C. Score 16 to 4 in favor of the Reserves.

The third game was played against the Clarksburg T. A. C. Score 30 to 0 in favor of T. A. C.

The fourth game was played against Elkins. Score 82 to 0 in favor of the Reserves.

FOOTBALL.

(**Reserves.**)

Graham (Captain),	*Quarter*
J. H. Hawse,	*Full Back*
W. F. Hawse (Manager),	*Right half*
Jenkins,	*Left half*
H. Sheets,	*Right end*
Jarvis,	*Left end*
E. Sheets,	*Center*
Propst,	*Right guard*
Stemple,	*Left guard*
Pickens,	*Right tackle*
Brooks,	*Left tackle*

Substitutes—Hodges, Lockery and Stathers.

Mac Avoy.

J. W. Gilmore (Manager).	*Right Forward*
E. A. Graham (Captain).	*Left Forward*
James Jenkins.	*Center*
W. F. Hawse.	*Left Guard*
H. T. Brooks.	*Right Guard*
J. H. Hawse.	*Substitute*

Basket-ball Line Up

Ladies' Basket-ball.

Mac Avoy.

FURBEE, TENNANT, DICKEN, STOUT,
(*Instructor*)
MERRILLS,
DOWNS, CLAYTON. TETER, ASH, BAKER,
HOFFMAN, ROHRBOUGH, MANOWN, HARRIS, CORE, FALLEN.

Baseball.

ALTHOUGH the season is not far enough along to report any games, yet the outlook is promising and we have no doubt but that the team will keep the record clear of defeat, and measure up to the standard expected of it.

Several old stars are back and a sufficient number of new ones to organize a winning team, and there is no reason why Wesleyan should not have the championship of the state. A strong schedule has been prepared by Mgr. Webb, and greater enthusiasm is being manifested by the student body than has been shown heretofore. Capt. Sharps has had the boys hard at work for several days, and we believe that by the time the 1st official games are due our team will be in as good trim as is necessary.

The following is the schedule as it has been prepared for the season :

April 18, W. and J. at Washington, Pa.
April 19 and 20, Wheeling League at Wheeling.
April 21 and 22, W. V. U. at Morgantown.
April 26, Morris Harvey at Buckhannon.
April 28 and 29, Bethany at Buckhannon.
May 6 and 8, Marietta at Buckhannon.
May 13, W. V. U. at Clarksburg.
May 15, Davis Elkins College at Elkins.
May 18 and 19, Morris Harvey at Barboursville.
May 20, Huntington Normal at Huntington.
May 27, Y. M. C. A. Clarksburg at Clarksburg.
May 29 and 30, Davis Elkins College at Buckhannon.
June 5, Y. M. C. A., Clarksburg at Buckhannon.
June 9 and 10, Fairmont at Buckhannon.

HAWSE, SHARPS, ROBERTS, ORR, GOODWIN, MORRIS, *Mac Avoy.*
RAMSEY, SHARPS, *Capt.*, WEBB, *Mgr.*, WICKENHOFFER, CURRY.

Baseball Team.

Ladies' Hall.

Societies

Excelsior Literary Society.

Motto

"Esse quam Videri."

Colors

Pink and Blue.

SPRING TERM OFFICERS.

1.	CHARLES HENRY HARTLEY,	*President*
2.	A. G. BUMGARDNER,	*Vice-President*
3.	FLOSSIE SNODGRASS,	*Secretary*
4.	SIMON E. ZIRKLE,	*Treasurer*
5.	W. A. BYUS,	*Chaplain*
6.	JACOB F. SHREEVES,	*Critic*
7.	LURA LAW,	*Corresponding Secretary*
8.	EARLE SWEARENGEN,	*Marshal*
9.	L. F. EVERHART,	*Chorister*
10.	GRACE MCCLEARY,	*Pianist*

Mac Avoy.

Excelsior Roll.

1. Ash,
2. Arnett,
3. Armentrout,
4. Miss Ballenger,
5. Miss Brake,
6. Miss Billingslea,
7. Miss Bowman,
8. Brake,
9. Bumgardner,
10. Burrell,
11. Byus,
12. Caldabough,
13. Miss Core,
14. L. Core,
15. E. Core,
16. Cupp,
17. G. Core,
18. Cuppit,
19. Cole,
20. Miss Clark,
21. Miss Chidister,
22. Miss Downes,
23. Everhart,
24. Forster,
25. Miss Ford,
26. Miss Furbee,
27. Forman,
28. Miss Forman,
29. Goodwin,
30. T. R. Hall,
31. H. Hall,
32. Hartley,
33. W. F. Hause,
34. J. H. Hause,
35. Miss Huffman,
36. Jenkins,
37. Miss Kryder,
38. Miss Law,
39. Lewis,
40. Miss Morrison,
41. D. L. Moon,
42. Mahood,
43. Morgan,
44. Mason,
45. Miss Merrills
46. McKuskey,
47. Miss McCleary,
48. McCormick,
49. Miss Newlon,
50. Pickles,
51. Raine,
52. Ramsey,
53. Roberts,
54. Robinson,
55. Miss Rogers,
56. Smith,
57. Miss Flossie Snodgrass,
58. Miss Erma Snodgrass,
59. Miss Mabel Snodgrass.
60. Shreeves,
61. Sharp,
62. Sheets,
63. Miss Spencer,
64. Miss Stout,
65. Swearingen,
66. H. L. Smith,
67. P. M. Smith,
68. Stawyer,
69. Tallman,
70. Miss Townsend,
71. Miss Trevey,
72. Miss Thorneley,
73. Wells,
74. Miss Wisman,
75. Miss Williams,
76. Webb,
77. Zirkle,
78. Johnson,
79. Mercer,
80. C. Kinney,
81. J. F. Kinney,
82. Liggett,
83. Williams,
84. Ice.

Excelsior Hall Before the Fire.

10M

Excelsior Literary Society.

SOME scientist has shown that, since light travels only at the rate of something less than two hundred thousand miles a second and that many of the stars are very distant from the earth, a person who could see the earth from a star would not see things as they are, but as they were when the ray of light that enters his eye started on its journey from the earth. If we therefore could sit upon a star at just the right distance from the earth to bring September, the eleventh, eighteen hundred and ninety before our eyes, we would be able to see a band of earnest young men and women laying the foundations of the Excelsior Society. We would first notice that there were twenty-eight members in the first meeting held under the banner of Excelsiorism. Since that time its numbers has steadily increased until at the present time the society roll shows a total of three times the original number.

By casting lots, the hall on the south side of the building fell to the Excelsior Society. This hall has been neatly kept and furnished, as necessity demanded, with everything necessary to make it both comfortable and beautiful. The floor is nicely carpeted and the walls are adorned with rare and beautiful paintings. The walls have been recently repapered in a very artistic manner, making the hall present a beautiful appearance. It is at once the admiration of everyone, and especially of those to whom Excelsiorism is dear.

But above all, we as true Excelsiors feel a noble pride in the excellent work done by the Society. Only literary work of a high standard is acceptable to an Excelsior audience. Knowing this, each member is spurred on to the highest excellence by the thought that he will be able to please his hearers. Excelsiorism has produced many writers and many orators.

The day of oratory is not past. Other things may change and the demand for certain lines of work may decrease, but the true orator who is able to move men by his eloquence will never lack a demand for his services. Now, more than ever before, the world demands men and women who have been well trained in a literary society. The Excelsior Society can supply the young man or the young woman with just such training as he will need when he enters upon life's active duties.

Chrestomathean Literary Society

Motto

Virtute et labore.

Colors

Orange and White.

Crestomathean Roll.

Allman,
Anderson, Miss,
Anglen,
Ash, Miss,
Arbogast,
Baetron, Miss,
Baker, Miss,
Bonnett, Miss,
Broadwater, Miss,
Barlow,
Brown,
Burr,
Clark, Miss,
Clayton, Miss,
Cunningham,
Coffman,
Cook,
Carney,
Crickard,
Crummett,
Dimmic,
Dyer,
Jackson,
Jenkins, Miss*
Gibson, Miss Bess,
Gibson, Miss Blanche
Gilmore,
Graham, Miss,
Gump, Miss,
Graham,
Hanifan,
Hammond,
Hamrick,
Hall,
Hall, Miss,
Hardesty, Miss Grace,
Hardesty, Miss Blanche,
Hardesty,
Hardman,
Heavner,
Heckert,
Hedges, Grover,
Hedges, Harry,
Harrah,
Hodges,
Huff,
Hulderman,
Harris, Miss,
Hoskins,
Ireland,
Ice,*
Karrichkoff,
Law,
Louchery,
Lowe, Miss,
Mathieny, Miss,
Mace, Miss,
Martin, Miss,
McCormick, Miss,*
Moore,*
Morris,
Murphy,
Marcus,
McClay,*
Notts,
Pigott, Miss,
O'Neal, Miss,
Parrish,
Petit, Miss,
Pickens,
Phillips,
Reese,
Rodgers,
Rohrbough, Miss,
Stansberry,
Stathers,
Stemple,
Shafer, Miss,
Stuart, Miss,
Singleton,
Swecker, Karl,
Swecker,
Tenant, Miss,
Talbot, Miss,
Thomas,
Teets,
Warner,
Ward,
Wilson, Miss,

Crestomathean's Temporary Quarters.

The Chrestomathean Literary Society

THE Chrestomathean Literary Society is always wide awake. Its programs are never monotonous and each member of the society is always on the alert for new ideas to help develop the practical side of school life. In 1890, when the West Virginia Conference Seminary first began its career, a band of students, few in number but earnest in purpose, met and organized a literary society which they named Chrestomathean. A hall in the east side of the Seminary building was given to them, and this they proceeded to fit up, little by little, as they were able, with chairs, carpet, piano and tasteful hangings, until it became a beautiful room for their weekly meetings.

For fifteen years successive bands of students enjoyed the comforts and inspiration of this hall; and then disaster came. On the fourth day of February, 1905, our beloved Seminary burned to the ground. The fire originated immediately beneath the Chrestomathean hall. Heroic efforts were made to extinguish the flames, but it was soon found that this was impossible, and a number of boys seeing the danger that threatened their society home, rushed to the door thinking to rescue at least some of the objects that were so dear to their hearts. They broke open the door and were met by the flames which to their surprise had already filled the room. Human effort could avail nothing and within a few minutes there was swept out of existence the last vestige of property which the Chrestomathean Literary Society had owned.

Such a disaster might discourage some people, but it could not discourage Chrestomatheans. The faculty immediately offered to the society the use of a room and piano in the Music Hall. Here the society meets regularly and renders its programs with the same interest and the same enthusiasm that was one of its characteristics under happier circumstances. As a proof of the dauntless spirit of our workers, on the first night after the fire a full and excellent program was rendered and five names were added to our already long roll of members.

To some the outlook may seem dark; but "There is never a day so cloudy but a little sun appears," and now though we are destitute of material advantages, we are much better off than we were fifteen years ago, for now we have a large membership and a far reaching reputation. In the new building a larger and more appropriate room will be given us, and there we will found a new society home, better furnished and more comfortable than the one we have lost. And with the motto, "Virtute et Labore," which has urged us on to victory in the past, our efforts will be crowned with new and greater success.

Mac Avoy.

HEAVNER, PHILIPS, HUFF, ALLMAN,
LAW, IRELAND, (*President*), ASH, CARNEY.

Fall Term Officers.

Winter Term Officers.

Lockery, Shaffer, Philips, Hall, *Mac Avoy.*
Thomas, Baker, Heckart (*President*), Hardesty.

Spring Term Officers.

KARRICKHOFF, HODGES, MURPHY, HAMMOND, *MacAvoy.*
GIBSON, HUFF (*President*), HARDESTY, HAVENER.

Mac Avoy.

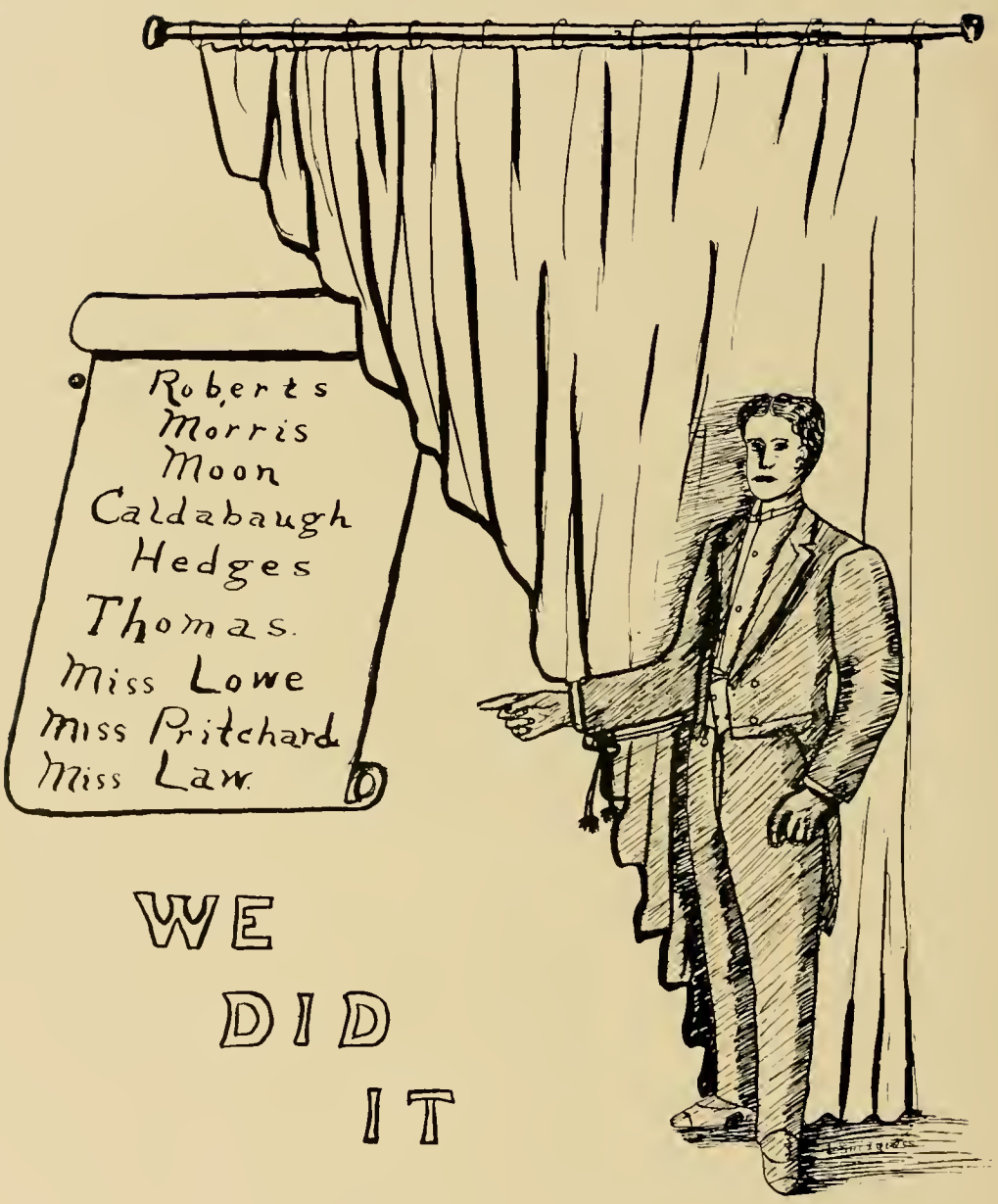
Core, Cupp, Ireland,
Allman, Huff, Reckart, Gay.

The Xakhagan Club.

Organized 1905.

Publications.

"Murmurmontis."



Blair Wilson Roberts,
Editor-in-Chief.

Murmurmontis Staff.

Murmurmontis Staff.

HAL F. MORRIS,
Business Manager.

DANIEL LUKE MOON,
Asst. Editor-in-chief.

GROVER FOSTER HEDGES
Literature.

LURA LAW,
Art.

Murmurmontis Staff.

IRA B. THOMAS,
Athletics.

HARRY EDWARD CALDABAUGH,
Photography.

IRETA LOWE,
Elocution.

AUDRE PRITCHARD,
Music.

Editorial.

NO doubt you who have glanced over this Annual have decided opinion as to the merits of this MURMURMONTIS compared with the two previous copies issued by other Juniors of the Seminary Course. But it seems both opportune and expedient that we here insert a few words of editorial address and explanation.

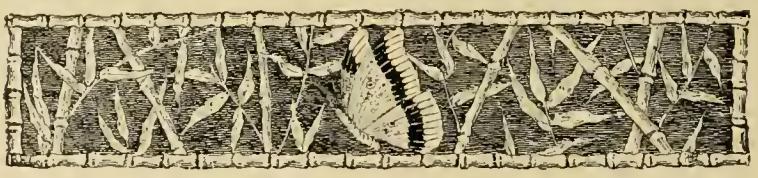
There is a universal saying among the superstitious that "The third time is the charm." We do not mean by this that we are superstitious, but we do mean that we have put forth our utmost efforts to make this MURMURMONTIS of 1906 the greatest of the three. Whether or not we have accomplished our purpose we leave to your honorable judgment.

As to the contents of this book we have tried to gather the most important elements that go to make up college life and to arrange them in such a manner that they will be interesting, attractive and convenient to the reader. We have endeavored to place something in this edition that will please each, but do not expect anyone to be pleased with all. And since we have done our best and have compiled this book without partiality either to organization or to individual, we have no apology to make. "What we have published, we have published."

To those who have edited the two previous annuals we need not speak of the patience, time and toil it takes. But to all those who have not trodden this stony way we would say that it is not accomplished without many difficulties. Often while our more fortunate companions, in their midnight slumbers, were dreaming pleasant dreams or were attending some felicitous social gathering, we were puzzling our wearied brain for thoughts that would not come.

No doubt every one who stood watching the hungry flames as they devoured every part of the main building that was palatable could see, going up in smoke, the prospects of this year's MURMURMONTIS, but there was a band of sturdy Juniors to whom this vision was not visible, for with this thought in mind, "The greater the tribulation the greater the reward," they only pushed forward the work with a more determined zeal to make this book a success.

And now in hope that our production will be of some use and pleasure to its many readers, we feel amply paid for all our efforts and feel that we have filled our mission in accordance with our motto, "Not merely for ourselves."



THE PHAROS

W.U.W.V.

Historical

THE Seminary Collegiate served its purpose well. Those who have managed the paper in the past years are to be commended for the efforts they put forth to make the school paper a success.

The school has had a remarkable growth in the past and reached that stage in its growth a year ago which demanded a change from a seminary to a college or university. The change was made and with it came the necessity of changing the name of our paper. So at the beginning of the present school year the question before us was, "What shall be the name of our periodical?" Many names were suggested and after a great deal of thought and care by a committee appointed for the purpose of choosing a name, Pharos was adopted unanimously. The name did not meet the approval of some of the students at first, but as the days have come and gone it has grown in favor with all. We can boast of having a name not used by any other college paper in the country.

The present board of editors was chosen largely from the Senior "Sem." Class. The initial number made its appearance late in September and it has been the purpose of the managing editors to make each succeeding number better than the one gone before. We realize that "every beginning is difficult," and the calamity which befell our school has made it necessary for the "Young Light House" to cast its rays upon troubled waters, but already gleams of light are chasing away the darkness that surrounds the storm-tossed vessel, and the sun is breaking through the overhanging clouds so that ere long we hope the University ship will be riding on a calm sea.

Editorial

EVERY enterprise should have for its object the accomplishment of some good. Man's greatest excuse for existence is his opportunity to help mankind. So it should be the aim of every institution in connection with the Universtiy to do something for the betterment of our college life. The Pharos is the student effort in the way of college literature and its success or failure in being a true representative lies largely with the student body. The management acknowledges itself capable of error, yet those who do nothing to aid should also allow their oratorical powers to rest or in the language of a twentieth century proverb—"Those who live in glass houses should pull down the blinds." It has been the aim of the present management to make The Pharos an impartial publication and its columns are open to any school literature, news or joke which will be beneficial and harmlessly entertaining. It has been our purpose to allow nothing to enter that would in any way mar the pleasures of school life for any person.

Our thanks are due to Prof. W. O. Mills for suggesting our name—The Pharos. We wish also to thank Misses Lauck and Bender who so generously provided us with the work of Art on the first page of our department.

Editorial Staff.

Managing Editors for 1904-1905

J. F. Throckmorton.

Claude E. Goodwin.

J. F. THROCKMORTON served the usual apprenticeship on a farm in Wetzel County, West Virginia, and attended school until he was sixteen years of age, when he taught in a graded school. As soon as his first term closed, John entered the Seminary and has been here "off and on" ever since. For four years he continued to teach in the winter and attend school in the spring; then he entered for a full year in the fall of 1901. He was one of the renowned "Brainy Class" of 1903, having completed the Literary course. Since that time he has been both studying and teaching in the "Sem." "Throck" was formerly an active member of the Excelsior Society of which he served as president during the winter of '01 and '02. Mr. Throckmorton was a localist on the "Seminary Collegiate," and in the fall of 1904 assumed the duties of a managing editor of The Pharos. He now ranks as a Junior in the College work.

CLAUDE E. GOODWIN entered the Seminary in the spring of 1900, and completedthe Classical course of that department in 1903. The following year he took up work in the College department and will receive the degree of A. B. this June a year. He has held several responsible positions during his school life, and it was his aim in all of them to do his best. Mr. Goodwin has not confined his studies entirely to the Classics, but has given some attention to music. He has imposed upon us time and time again his solos, but of course we could not say anything. He was connected in previous years with our school paper as Y. M. C. A. editor, serving two successive terms. This year he became one of the managing editors and has entered upon his work with earnestness.

Editorial Staff.

Mr. O. Earle Karrickhoff.

Grace Elizabeth Townsend.

It is said by some that MR. O. EARLE KARRICKHOFF entered the "Sem." some time before Prof. Trotter took upon himself the responsibilities of the Vice-Presidency. We are inclined to doubt this from the fact that the records show that he entered school in '89. He completed the Seminary Course in the year '01 and will receive the degree of A. B. this year. He has been very active in Y. M. C. A. work and has had charge of the Mission work throughout the present school year. "Karry," as he is known by this name, has a great propensity for wrestling and scuffling. He is never happier than when engaged in sports such as these, and eating is a secondary thing when it comes to these pleasures. He is librarian of the Music Department and is really becoming musical, for his voice is often heard ringing out in the night air as he travels home from visiting College Avenue. It is said that he is talking of becoming a missionary, but we cannot vouch for that. If he does give his life up to this work there is no doubt but that success will crown his efforts.

On July the sixth, 1886, the home of Rev. and Mrs. Townsend was made happy by the bright-eyed little girl who was christened GRACE ELIZABETH. She grew up, as many preacher's children do, a little here and a little there. Nevertheless, in spite of this constant moving about she entered school in the fall of 1900 and graduates in the Musical course of the University. Miss Townsend is an active member of the Excelsior Society, where she is well known on account of her piano playing. She is the first editor the Musical Department has ever had on the staff of the school paper and her reports from that source are very much appreciated. Grace contemplates entering the New England Conservatory of Music next year. Her standard of work here insures success wherever she may go. As we look down through the coming years we see rocks and trees and creeping things responding to her musical touch.

Editorial Staff.

FLOSSIE SNODGRASS.

ROY MCKUSKEY.

Many, many years ago among the rock-ribbed hills at Rosedale, W. Va., FLOSSIE SNODGRASS took up her earthly existence. She graduated in 1900 from the public school of her native town and entered the Seminary in the fall of 1901. Miss Snodgrass' Seminary life has been closely connected with that of the Y. W. C. A., which she served as president the past year. She graduates in the Literary Course with the class of '05. She has been very faithful in her reports of the Association work and is to be commended for her promptness. It was little suspected at the beginning of the fall term of 1904 that Miss Snodgrass would develop a liking for one of Randolph's sturdy sons, yet such are the vicissitudes of fortune. We predict for her a happy future.

It was a vigorous cry that announced to the world the birth of a boy who was destined to be a Methodist preacher. He was born on a farm, which speaks volumes for his future life. ROY MCKUSKEY identified himself with the Seminary in the winter term of '01 and graduates in the Classical course of that department in the Class of '05. The most important positions he has held have been business manager of the MURMURMONTIS in his Junior year, and president of the Y. M. C. A. in his Senior year. He expects to receive his degree in '07. "Mack" is an Irishman of the first water and doesn't care who knows it. He has some interest in "Fulton" and from what we know of his plans we venture to say that his hopes in this direction will be gloriously realized. We predict for our friend a very prosperous future, and feel confident that he will measure up to the hopes and expectations we have for him. "Fortes fortuna favet."

Editorial Staff.

Fred A. Forster.

FRED A. FORSTER. came among us in the spring term of 1902. He finishes the Literary Course with this year's class. He was editor-in-chief of the 1905 Year Book and is serving his class as president. "Fritz" hails from the Pan Handle county of Marshall, where he spends his vacations in the pleasant pursuit of farming. He might be called smiling Fred, for one seldom sees his face without its smile. He has a heart like a sunflower. As a writer he shows great ability and is able to transform homely phrases into sentences sparkling with Demosthenian grace and beauty. In the field of eulogy Mr. Forster stands without a peer. The manging editors contemplate making a provision in their wills authorizing Mr. Forster to write an epitaph for their tombstones. As The Pharos editor of the Excelsior Society, Fred has reported its progress during the year in that pleasing manner of his which is agreeable to every one.

Grace Elizabeth Harvesty.

GRACE ELIZABETH HARDESTY was born *some* years ago and has spent most of her life in Buckhannon. She entered the Seminary in the fall of 1902 and graduates in the Literary Course with the Class of '05. Miss Hardesty has held several positions during her school life, being Secretary of the Junior Class, and of the Chrestomathean Society, for which she has served as Pharos editor the past year. Although Grace has never played on the football team, yet her heart was always in the game; for where one's treasure is, there is the heart also. Miss Hardesty has always conducted herself as becomes a lady, but from present indications she will become a "Rober(ts)". From the present outlook she is destined to preside over a Methodist parsonage.

Editorial Staff

ETHEL HOPE CLARK.

Some time after the close of the Civil War there was born in Harrison County, W. Va., a maiden. ETHEL HOPE CLARK entered the Seminary in the fall term of '03 and graduates in the Scientific Course from that department with this year's class. Miss Clark is an influential member of the Y. W. C. A. and held the office of treasurer the past term. Before entering the seminary she attended school at Ada, Ohio, and West Virginia University and held a position as teacher in the State Normal at Glenville. Miss Clark is a member of the Excelsior Society and has proved herself an untiring worker. We heartily approve of Uncle Sam's plan of sending teachers to the Philippines and while we are not cruel-hearted in wishing to exile anyone, we think either Miss Clark should go to the Philippines or Uncle Sam should bring one of his soldiers home.

R. A. IRELAND.

Some time in the 80's at White Oak, W. Va., R. A. IRELAND first saw the light of day. He still belongs to his dad, for he has not yet reached his majority. Mr. Ireland, after serving the usual time in a country school, entered the Seminary in the fall of 1902 and graduates from that department with this year's class. He has held some important offices. In his Junior year he was assistant editor-in-chief of the MURMURMONTIS. In the fall term of his Senior year he served as president of the Chrestomathean Society. It is said that this young man was of no use on the farm and that his parents sent him to school in order that he might escape the temptations incident to an oil and mining territory, which temptations his parents thought were too strong for his vacillating disposition. The chief delight of Mr. Ireland is to make tracks on the Campus. We predict for him a very bright future.

Editorial Staff.

KARL ALLMAN.

KARL ALLMAN, the subject of this sketch, was born and reared in Upshur County, this state. He entered the Seminary in the fall of 1902 and graduates with the '05 Class. During his school life he has held many prominent positions. He was elected last fall to serve as manager of the football team this coming year. He has assumed the responsibilities of this position with earnestness and there is no doubt but that the success of next year's team will far excel that of the past. "Jake," for that is what we are wont to call him, is a practical joker. He abounds in wit and humor. There is another thing about this young man which is not generally known, and that is his fleetness of foot. He is fast becoming the Mercury of the twentieth century. He is being trained by a well-known gentleman and his success on the track next season is assured. He is endeavoring to increase his power of endurance by occasionally walking sixteen miles after cider. He has a very bright future indeed.

H. R. HECKERT.

H. R. HECKERT, the subject of this sketch, was born at Cairo, Ritchie County, West Virginia. After having spent the early years of his life in the school of his native village he entered the Seminary in the fall of 1902 and graduates from that department with this year's class. He has not been without honors during his stay in school, as he served his society, the Chrestomathean, as President. At the beginning of this year he was chosen as one of the local editors of The Pharos and has served well. One of the chief characteristics of this young man is that of being behind time. He is usually very quiet, but if aroused his rage is something fearful. This wonderful young fellow is destined to make his mark in the world. There is no doubt but that some day he will be elected to the Board of Education or something equally as great.

Literature.

An Account of the Fire

SINCE the beginning of the West Virginia Conference Seminary in 1890, it has speedily risen to the heights of power and distinction, until it now is recognized as one of the leading schools in the state.

Burning Building

The fact of its size was seen last year by the trustees, who, realizing that it should no longer be known as a Seminary, very wisely gave it a new name, "The Wesleyan University of West Virginia." It is a fact, beyond doubt, that this school has risen through

many difficulties, but never before did she face such a barrier as she did February the fourth, 1905.

About eight forty-five in the morning, while all classes were busily reciting, thinking of no danger, two girls chanced to be in the hall of the first floor and noticing a considerable amount of smoke arising from one of the registers which was placed in the floor, they bore the news to Professor Trotter, who was in the front office on the first floor. He, with the others who were with him, hastily went to the smoking register and tearing out this, discovered quite a blaze between the ceiling of the cellar and the first floor.

By the noise which they made tearing the register from the floor, Professor Mills, whose room was near this register, was aroused and looking out the door, soon became aware of what was going on. Without relating to his class what was wrong, he stepped out, closing the door behind him. By his quiet action and the noise in the hall the curiosity of the students was so aroused they went to the door.

The professor, seeing the danger, bade them come help, and as the greater part of the class consisted of young men, it made quite a force to start with.

The fire alarm had not yet been given as no one thought this necessary. But some rushed vigorously after water and water pails; some carried snow in boxes and threw it on the blaze; while others ran speedily for axes with which to chop holes in the floor. No time was lost in any movement. It was scarcely a minute before plenty of buckets and two axes were at hand and plenty good lusty young men to use them.

Several holes were soon cut through the floor and quite a water brigade started carrying water from the cellar. Upon choping a hole in the wall, the fire was seen to be above the first floor. Some then rushed to the second floor and there experiencing the same thing, went speedily to the third; there on account of the smoke, they found it impossible to enter the chapel. By this time many realized, to some extent, the danger and telephoned for the fire department. It was scarcely a minute until the fire alarm was given throughout the town and all classes were dismissed, with the order to leave the building.

The students are to be congratulated for the manner in which they did this. Every one seemed perfectly self possessed and vacated the rooms in an ideal manner.

The bucket gang stopped for nothing, but kept the water steadily coming, pouring it on where it would be most effective.

It was but a short time till the firemen were at hand and had their hose stretched from the water-plug to the building, but on account of the hose being frozen up it was of no service for fully three-quarters of an hour.

Every one now seemed to realize the building must burn and those who were not engaged in fighting the fire began to carry out the most valuable articles.

The old bell that always had been sweet music to the ear of every W. U. W. V. student now seemed to be pealing out the death dirge of their best friend.

For about thirty minutes, after the water began to flow through the hose, the fire was fought with a manly determination, until the back-draft came, which drove every one out the nearest door or window.

There was no one on the third floor and but few on the second. Most of these were obliged to jump from the second story windows, for the whole inside of the halls was now in a flame of fire. Quite a number were on the first floor and on the steps between the first and second floor. With singed hair and scorched clothing, they were forced to retreat from the fight. After this there was no attempt made to save the building; every one thoroughly understood it must burn.

The question that now arose was, "Is any one in the building?" After this was satisfactorily answered and all the furniture that had been saved from the fire was moved back out of all danger, the people stood and watched the building as the flames burst out every door and window. It was not more than an hour until the fire had finished its portentous work and left nothing but a skeleton of a building. While it was a disastrous fire, yet all were thankful that it was no worse.

Nearly all the library, all the furniture from both offices and from the most important rooms was saved; no one was seriously hurt and two buildings were still standing; for all these things every one felt thankful.

Inside of an hour a proclamation was issued bidding the students not to leave and in a few hours a schedule was posted containing the place and hour for classes. Although things are not quite as convenient, yet every student showed his loyalty by doing as he was requested, and everything moved on as though nothing had happened.

THE RUINS.

In Memoriam.

Within us, our hearts are breaking,
For that which hath befallen us this day
Hath snatched from us that which we so dearly loved,
And hath removed it forever away.

Oh! Thou departed, thou beloved one;
The friend of manhood and of youth,
No more are we to behold thy massive walls, thy spacious halls,
Nor thy pointed towers and vaulted roof.

No more shall the patter of feet on thy stairway
Be sweet music our daily cares to drown;
No more to greet one another cheerful good morning
As we ramble in thy halls, around.

No more to gather in thy great Library,
And there drink from learning's fount;
Listlessly pouring through numerous volumes,
Seeking that which helps us our life's toils to surmount.

No more in thy numerous class rooms
Shall we with our teachers meet,
To draw from those blossoms of learning
That nectar so precious, so sweet.

Ne'er again in thy chapel to assemble,
To hear the Doctor pray and preach
Those heaven-send messages of truth and love
That never failed our hearts to reach.

Ne'er again through the mountain air
Shall float thy great bell's merry chime
Which for years has tolled us to repose, to awake, to sup
And bade us be to our classes on time.

Oh Seminary! Thou hast left us very wretched,
Miserable wanderers without a home;
And should we search the whole world over
To another like unto thee we would never come.

Even though thou art gone from us,
Yet we vow thou shall have thy part,
For each student of thine loves thee dearly,
And shall forever keep thee living in his heart.

G. N. Steyer.

Chestnuts.

CHESTNUTS was a little rat terrier about three years old, and he was a favorite pet with us. He was no dandy in appearance, for one ear was scarred and jagged and a long scar ran from his right ear to his right fore-leg. Despite these, however, Chestnuts was as frisky and mischievous a dog as ever lived.

One day I was sitting in the hammock and was reading a book, when crash! went my book and in its place stood Chestnuts. I picked up the book and hit him with it, whereupon he ran off howling. I then tried to read, but my book seemed uninteresting and I threw it on the ground and began to meditate on the rights of dogs and the effect of punishment.

As I lay there I heard some one say, "Ho, Snaps, come over here, Chestnuts is going to tell us his story. You know we have often teased him about his ear and why it looked so odd, and now he is going to tell us all about it." I then heard a scratching and rustling of leaves and Snaps answered, "All right Fido, but tell him to wait till I tell Bruno." Very soon Snaps returned with Fido and Bruno, and Chestnuts began his story.

"Friends and fellow-terriers," he began "my lot with you has been a happy one, but I had a tough time of it when I was a pup. I was born in an old log stable somewhere in Upshur County, but I can't remember the exact spot now. My mother was very kind to me, but we were poor dogs and I often went hungry. My father never liked me so he went away one day, saying, 'I can't bring rats enough to feed a lazy, good-for-nothing pup.' He never returned and mother had to feed us as best she could. My brothers, all of whom were weaker than I, died the death of hungry, ill-fed pups soon afterward.

"Mother then took me by the nape of the neck and carried me to the foot of a great chestnut tree in the forest. When she had made me comfortable, she went out for rats or other game, but soon after she left, a fox came by, and, seeing me, he stopped. Perhaps he thought I was good to eat, for he then tried to kill me, but mother heard my cries and came to my rescue. She killed Mr. Fox but her wounds proved fatal and in an hour she also died.

"Two days later, two boys came to the tree where I lay and began shaking chestnuts and one hit me, whereupon I moaned. One of the boys heard me and, coming to where I lay, picked me up. The other boy ran up with a basket and on seeing me began to pull out some bones. He threw them away and pulled out a big piece of chicken and gave it to me. My! but I was thankful, yet I could only moan my thanks.

"A little later the boys brought me here and salved my wounds. I got well soon and have been here ever since.

"I was named Chestnuts from the way in which the boys discovered me and I always have a reminder of that day, for the boys brought the skin of the fox for my covering. They have had it tanned and it feels nice and warm. Now, I————————", but I didn't hear the rest of it for the heavens seemed to open and by some hidden force my head was forced between two red-hot stars.

The mystery soon cleared up, for I found myself on the ground beneath the hammock and my head was between two roots of the tree from which my hammock was swung. About two yards away Chestnuts was calmly munching the leaves of my book.

HOMER A. HOSKINS.

A Terrible Loss

WITH every nerve and muscle strained, the brave men fought the fearful flames, but at last every one saw there was no hope of saving the burning University, and the work of saving what furniture and books could be quickly reached, was commenced.

When the building was pronouced too dangerous to stay in longer, all reached safety, and after a hasty but anxious inquiry it was found that every one was accounted for, and then the body of students calmly resigned themselves to watch the destruction of heir beloved College.

This calm was of a very short duration as shriek upon shriek suddenly pierced the air and one of the most lovely girls of the "Hall" stood pointing at the burning building. The people rushed forward and asked if she had seen some one in the building, and with a terrible sob she answered, "Oh, no, no, but I forgot my new rubbers in there."

Strong Points from Dr. Munhall's Lecture on the Book of Books.

KNOWING of the skepticism regarding the Bible which is so prevalent today, especially among the younger generation, we deemed that these pages could be filled with no worthier subject than a few words in defense of the Book of Books. So we, herein, print some of the strong points from one of the greatest lectures on the Bible.

In the first place man could not have written the Bible if he would, would not if he could. In other words, a good man could not have written it if he would, because if he had, it would have made him the biggest liar and villain on earth; and a bad man would not have written it if he could, because it tells everything about himself that he does not wish to know.

Then the style of writing of the Bible is wonderful and majestic but plain and strong. Even great infidels have wondered at the reading; and it is a fact that those authors who have claimed the greatest distinction in the world, such as Dante and Milton, have copied closely after the style of the Bible. "In the beginning God created the Heaven and the earth." No man ever wrote those words for, as we know man, he would have written ten or twelve volumes telling in just what manner this was accomplished. "And God said let there be light, and there was light." No man ever wrote those words for he would have written a volume on that one verse alone explaining the exact physical conditions under which this took place.

"Do you know," once said a young skeptic to an old Bishop, "that the Physical Sciences have proven the Bible to be a myth?"

"Indeed, young man," replied the Bishop, "I do not for I have not yet read the morning papers."

The Physical Sciences, in truth, the farther they are pried into and opened up to us only tend to corroborate the reading of the Bible. After a Bible reading at the residence of Lord Shaftsbury in England, the reader took a slip of paper and wrote the first numerals from one to fifteen. Then under each figure he placed a certain one of the first fifteen letters of the alphabet. He followed no rule or order but mixed them up indiscriminately. Next he wrote the numbers on another slip of paper, tore the slip in pieces, leaving one number on each piece and distributed them among fifteen of his audience. Turning to the first he said, "Write on your slip the letter which you think I have under the corresponding number on my slip." He repeated his request to the second and to the third and so on until each one had written some one of the first fifteen letters on his slip. "Now," said he, "you have just one chance in ten trillion, four hundred and sixty-one billion, three hundred and ninety-four million, nine hundred and forty-four thousand of getting those letters in the right order. But, as proven by the latest research in the Physical Sciences, Moses named the first fifteen genera in the order of their creation although he wrote over three thousand years before the beginning of scientific research and he had just as much chance of naming them right by conjecture as you had of writing the right letters under the right figures."

What more striking proof could we have that he received his directions from the Creator?

Then there is the ever present question of Jonah and the *whale* (?) In the first place, the old testament does not read whale; but it says God prepared a great fish. And the Hebrew words which were originally translated great fish do not mean a whale any more than they mean a dog-fish, a shark, a seal, a walrus or a sea-lion. It means literally a marine-monster and that is all. In the New Testament the word whale is used; but any Greek scholar will tell you that the word which was translated whale does not mean whale. It means nothing more than a marine-monster.

But, granting that it was a whale, the skeptic will say, "Why, don't you know that the whale does not have a throat exceeding six inches in circumference and it really could not swallow your arm to say nothing of your body?" Yes, we know that there is one species of whale the circumference of whose throat does not exceed six inches. But we also know that there are sixty-three other species of whales, many of which are easily capable of swallowing a man. An old weather-beaten whaling captain of New Bedford, who had done nothing but hunt whales all his life, once said, "If any man ever says that a whale cannot swallow a man, tell him I said he is a liar for I have looked into the throat of many a whale which could have swallowed me together with the boat in which I stood." Another old captain said, "I have seen several whales in their dying throes cast up masses of cuttle fish six feet square." On the coast of Norway there was recently stranded a whale of such remarkable dimensions that its throat could easily have admitted the passage of a man on horse-back. Then the disbeliever will assert that there are not whales in the Mediterranean Sea, but an eminent student of ichthyology has recently discovered that there are some species of whales in this sea. But probably the fish that swallowed Jonah was not a whale, but a shark. These ravenous monsters often grow to a length of thirty or forty feet and the Mediterranean is infested with them. I have seen a shark's tooth that measured six inches across the base. Now it is a remarkable thing that the faces of a shark's tooth are nearly equilaterally triangular, and there are one hundred and fifty-five of these teeth in one jaw and one hundred and eighty-five in the other. Scientists will tell you that the fish from which this great tooth came measured at least one hundred and fifty feet in length.

Then there is a verse in Job which was once the stronghold of the deist. Job 26:7. "He stretcheth out the north over the empty place and hangeth the earth upon nothing." For years astronomers trained their telescopes into the north in search of the *empty place.* When it was not found they sneeringly remarked that Job should have confined his writings to his boils and sores, about which he was familiar, and not have shown his ignorance by writing about the stars. But, about thirty years ago or three thousand three hundred and ninety years after the book of Job was written, with the largest telescope then constructed a great vacuum was discovered in the north. Thus again did science come to the aid of the Bible, and another foundation pillar was struck out from the argument of the disbeliever.

There are in the Old Testament over three hundred mentionings of the Savior to come, and also over one hundred prophesies concerning Him, all of which came true in the New Testament. The time elapsing between the different writings is sixteen centuries. Moreover, the destruction of Babylon was foretold and the reign of one of its kings predicted one hundred and forty-four years before his birth. Could any man have written it? No! Could any body of men working independently have written it? No! Let us for the sake of clearness give an illustration. Thousands of years ago, we will say, some man removed five blocks of marble and placed them on a plain. Years afterwards another man added three more to these. Next, after another interval of time, a third man added seven more to the pile, and so on through sixteen centuries until sixty-six blocks of marble had been grouped together. Now if I should tell you that these blocks of

marble formed the most complete and artistic structure ever erected, would you believe me? No! You would say it was impossible unless these men worked under the guidance and directions of some master architect. Likewise neither could these men, separated by such an interval of time, have written the Bible unless under the direction of the Creator.

Now let us look at the influence that the Bible has had on civilization. What nations have fought their way to the top step by step from ignorance and darkness? Those, and almost those alone, which placed the Bible in the fore-front of their army as their emblem and standard in the upward march to civilization and light. An Indian Prince once asked Queen Victoria where the English nation received such culture, such wealth and such power. Taking up a copy of the Bible which she always kept near her, she replied, "Here, from this book do we get our culture, our wealth, our power, and everything else that is good."

If there is any one word which today stands for the truth of the Bible it is the word Israel. Observe how the children of Israel keep themselves separate and distinct from other nationalities down to the present day, although scattered to the four corners of the earth as the Bible prophesied. Where are their ancient contemporaries such as Syria and Babylonia? They have perished thousands of years ago because they had no great truth to bear down century after century through the ages to all people.

Consider, again, the attempts that have been made to blot out and destroy the Bible. When the children of Israel were conquered and carried away as captives by the Babylonians, the conquerers put forth their utmost efforts to destroy every copy of the Holy Book. But, lo, when after seventy years of captivity they returned to Jerusalem, a copy of it was found and it was miraculously preserved. Again when Israel fell under the dominion of the mighty Roman nation, the Romans attempted by force of arms and by ridicule to abolish its use but to no avail. Then there are the writings of such men as Voltaire, who derided the Bible. Voltaire had a very bright, strong mind and he employed it during nearly his whole life time in an effort to crush the Bible. Near the end of his career he wrote, "In one hundred years there will not be a copy of the book in existence." Instead of that, there are today more Bibles used and more Bibles printed than ever before and the same press which turned out Voltaire's false and nefarious prediction has since been used for printing hundreds of copies of the Bible. The largest printing company in England turns out on an average, ten thousand copies of the Bible for each working day in the year. The American Bible Company in the United States is not far behind.

But let us see what would be necessary to destroy the Bible. If we destroyed every copy of the Book, would it be destroyed? No, we would be compelled to destroy practically all literature, for nearly the whole Bible is found here and there in other writings. In one man's writings, has been found nine hundred and ninety-eight quotations from the Bible. A certain student reports that he has found in modern writings all of the New Testament with the exception of eleven words. But if we destroyed all literature, would we destroy the Bible? No, we would be compelled to destroy all art and sculpturing. For what cemetery is there in the land but contains chiseled on its marble monuments many quotations from the Bible. But if we destroyed all art, would we destroy the Bible? No, for there have been men, who having studied nothing else for years, were able to repeat the Bible from beginning to end and there are now Christian students so familiar with the Bible that if it were destroyed any three or four of them could reproduce it substantially as it was before. So, also, all Christians must be killed to accomplish this end.

Mary and the Lamb

THE principle character of this story is a small black lamb belonging to Mary.

There may be some who will feel like weeping over this tale of Mary's Lamb. They are permitted to do so if they wish, but we deem it entirely unnecessary on account of the *shortness* of the "tail."

The Lamb was given to Mary by her father and she loved it as much as her small heart was capable of loving and, as you know, the Lamb loved Mary. Mary lived in a large white house and the Lamb lived in a box back of the barn. Between the house and the barn was a large back-yard which was bounded on the north by the house, on the south by the barn, on the east by a high board fence, and on the west by the street. In this back-yard Mary spent many happy hours with Lamb, teaching it tricks of various kinds.

But the strangest part is that they were together all the time, except when they were apart and whenever Mary was seen with Lamb, Lamb was seen with Mary. They played many games such as, "Run, Sheep, Run," and "I Spy Wooly, Wooly, Black Sheep," in which Lamb took the chief part.

I will not say more about their happiness together for a sadder ending would be the result.

One night it grew very cold and the thermometer dropped into the bottom of the well. Lamb in some mysterious manner wandered out into the street, and not being able to find its way home again, was frozen to death. Mary was overcome with grief and drank a bottle of "Cocoa" and died singing, "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Friends buried them side by side and erected a monument bearing these words:

"The thermometer dropped,
  Lamby died by degrees,
But now he has gone
  Where he never will freeze.

"Mary hearing of Lamb's death,
  Committed suicide,
And now she is playing
  'Run, Sheep, Run', by his side."

ALFE CARNEY.

The Disappearance of the Buggy.

Not in mournful numbers do I tell
Of Doctor's buggy's disappearance sad,
With truth and sympathy indeed much felt,
It shall impartially be told of jokers bad.

One dark and cloudy night,
When sunset long had passed,
With silence came a crowd,
And by Doc's stable massed.

Composed was the crowd of boys,
Both long and short and scared;
Each face was muffled well,
And flour was o'er them smeared.

A dark and fearful plot
They made, and soon away
Two moved with cautious tread
To where the stable lay.

The stable doors were opened
Without a bit of noise,
To tell the awful deed
Of those mischievous boys.

Out came the buggy new,
The rest of the crowd joined in;
And 'way it went with speed;
Oh! what a terrible sin.

Association field was passed,
The high-rail fence detained them not.
The highway broad at last was gained,
Away they sped from the dangerous spot.

Almost a mile this road was kept,
Before aside from it they turned
Into a gloomy country road.
How some not there to be then yearned.

A gloomy wood before them loomed,
And there at last a halt was made.
Abandoned was the buggy now,
And everyone for home then strayed.

But when Doc got his buggy back,
To keep it safe for ever more,
He set to work at once, and now
A padlock huge is on the door.

HOWARD HECKERT.

A Midnight Rampage

ONE evening late in February as I sat at my desk diligently pouring over my American Literature, my eye chanced to fall upon the first verse of that famous poem of Poe's:

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door." etc.

I tried to imagine myself in the place of this unfortunate man, Poe, pondering over the contents of some ancient volume, and I succeeded so well that I soon found myself listening for a rapping at the door. Suddenly, sure enough, there did come a light rap at the door. I was startled, but sprang to my feet and swung open the door, half expecting to see a raven there, but no raven stood there. A strange figure in old clothes and a tightly drawn mask was on the threshold. Without a word of greeting, he said, "Are you in for some fun to-night?"

"Sure," I replied, feeling the hair raise on my head.

"Be at the depot Y at half past eleven then," he said, and turning on his heel, he departed.

If anyone had been at the depot Y that night at half past eleven he would have seen a strange and motley knot of boys gathering; all in old clothes, with coats turned wrong side out, slouch hats and masks, each carrying a club. No one passed by, however, and the plans were soon formed. They were going to paint the old express wagon—that stately and beautiful land-mark, the pride of the village, which stands as a continual advertisement of our College town's progress and prosperity.

The plans made, the gang started rapidly through the half-frozen fields in the direction of the house where the above mentioned wagon is harbored at night. No one met with a misfortune with the exception of one fellow who fell in a mud-hole and another who received a three-cornered rent in the seat of his trousers while climbing a fence. As they neared the house greater precautions were taken and everyone became more excited.

"What's that," piped the artist in his shrill voice, darting back into the gang as an old steer lazily shifted from one foot to the other and scratched his ear with the hind foot.

After the cause of the disturbance had been ascertained and everyone had had a quiet laugh on the artist, the crowd again moved forward. The wagon stood near by the barn and some went forward with the artist to decorate it. Others were posted as sentinels about the house to give warning if a dog should detect their presence or if the old man should "catch on" and make a sortie with the family blunderbuss.

The sentinel at the front door was especially well situated. He could hear the old man peacefully snore, and through the window watch the dying wood-fire as it flickered fitfully over the white walls, while anon from the direction of the wagon he could detect a hoarse whisper and the continental *swish, swish* of the brush as it passed swiftly over the canvas. Above him shone a multitude of stars from which he recognized the little dipper with the end star of the handle forming the pole-star. At one side was the great dipper,

with the two pointers standing, as ever, almost in line with the pole-star, while off to the left was that deceiving cluster, the Pleadies. At the right was the great star Canis Majoris, the Dogstar, literally translated the Great Dog. But there was another kind of Great Dog nearer at hand which the sentinel most feared, and more than once his heart rose into his throat as an extra loud noise came from the direction of the wagon. Shep, however, must have had a long run and a good feed on the preceding night, for he never stirred, in fact nothing stirred till the work was finished. Slowly over the hill, the great full moon arose making it light as day. Around her shown a great ring, that ominous omen of a storm and a storm of a strange character was destined soon to break.

The work finished, the sentinels were rapidly and silently called in and gathered around the vehicle where the great orange letters "W. U. W. V. LIGHTNING EXPRESS" glimmered softly in the light of the rising moon against a jet black background. The photographer adjusted the kodak and arranged two extra large size powders for flash light. Then came a trying time. The photographer broke match after match in an effort to ignite the flash. One young desperado glanced over his shoulder and seeing a light shifting from place to place in the house, whispered, "They'reup. They'reafterus."

"Scratch that match on the seat of your pants," whispered another desperado.

"I can't, they're wet," replied the photographer.

But he finally succeeded in igniting the match and the powder and the next instant a terrific flash lit up the surrounding objects. Then a storm, which the moon could not foretell, burst with a crash. Ducks quacked, chickens cackled, horses reared and plunged in their stalls, breaking their halters, while with a bellow each steer sprang from his grassy couch and raced over the frozen field with a noise like thunder. Ten blinded boys sprang for the fence and ran blindly on in the track of the cattle. The fowls ceased their cackle and the cattle their mad race and an intermission in the storm followed until the old man came on deck with a lantern. When he saw his wagon the storm burst out again and the night air turned from black to blue as he hurled strong invectives on mankind in general and bad boys in particular.

The crowd separated and each sought his room and couch, some to sleep and some to toss and roll for the rest of the night, according to their natures. In the morning quite a sensation was created at the sight of our conveyance for express and many conjectures followed concerning perpetrators of the deed. Some say the town-fellows did it. Others say that the students did it. Still others assert that some of the faculty did it for an advertisement; but never mind, there are ten who know who did it.

The Flunkers' Lamentation.

1. Remember , O Faculty, what is come upon us; consider and behold our reproach.

2. Our place in school seems vacant and our heads seem even more so.

3. We are orphans. Our fathers and our mothers have forsaken us.

4. We have drunk beer and smoked cigarettes till they have dulled our senses.

5. Our necks are under persecution; we labor and have no rest.

6. We have given our time to idleness and to making noises in the halls. Is it possible we must be called flunkers?

7. Surely our fathers before us have sinned and we are bearing their iniquities.

8. Even freshies are ruling over us and scorning us. There are none but would deliver us into the hands of the evil one.

9. We get our bread on our parents' credit: our money is spent on operas; surely the clubs will soon cast us out.

10. We have ravished our books of their leaves for monkeys on examinations. In horror we throw up our hands for no one honors our faces.

11. We have ceased to attend classes, for chapel we cut three times.

12. Our countenance is as black as an oven, because of these terrible sins.

13. The joy of our heart is ceased; our dancing is turned into mourning.

14. The crown has fallen from our heads; woe be unto us, we have sinned great sins.

15. For this our hearts are faint, for these things our eyes are dim.

16. Wherefore wilt thou not forget us and forsake us forever.

17. Turn thou unto us, O, Faculty, and we shall turn to thee; renew our days as of old.

18. Have mercy upon us according to thy judgement and let us enroll again.

19. We swear by legions of faith, we shall refrain from our evil ways, and to thee better service shall render.

Faculty. Though you have committed all manner of meannesses and have failed entirely in every branch, yet is "me" heart touched by your petition; come thou, enter into the joys of the school, and try the same studies for the seventh time.

What three years in the University will do for you.
~Before~
~After~

Calendar

September.

1904.

14. School opens.
15. Scheming club organized at the Hall.
16. Doc's first chapel speech. (Length one half hour.)
17. Societies meet.
19. Allman resumes his work as instructor of dancing.
20. Girls of Hall get Campussed. Lockery looks wise.
21. The girls of the Hall have "Pickles" for dinner.
22. Jenks at club speaks of his bill.
23. Throckmorton does not copy his Greek sentences.
24. Hartley schemes with Miss Williams.
26. Dad Ash calls forth the footballists.
27. Seats assigned in chapel.
28. Arnett arrives.
29. McCuskey gets a letter from his ma.
30. Graham asks Prof. Trotter for an excuse for nine days' absence.

October.

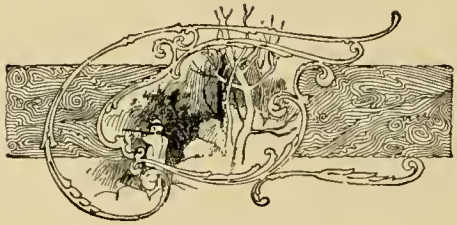
1904.

1. Boys decide that no one except Professors shall wear mustache.
3. Reception at Ladies' Hall.
4. Miss Baker asks Miss Dorr for a case.
5. "Freshies" meet.
6. Seniors follow their example and elect Fritz.
7. Prof. Deck assigns Hartley to front seat in Greek.
8. For sale. This day only. Greek and Latin ponies. Hartley and Forster.
10. Medley in chapel a failure. No one scared.
11. Electric light on hall porch smashed.
13. Broyles asks the boys to leave the hall and let him have a rest.
14. Doc announces that there is one boy in the school who he is going to enter on the race track as a racer. Allman turns pale.
15. Trotter leads chapel services. Boys called to time.
16. Prof. Deck is not mad in German.
17. Bumgardner falls down in chapel.
20. "Dad" Jelley's call for 100 male voices.
21. Hardman is seen with a girl.
22. Prof. Watson captures Hoskins.
23. Thomas has his German lesson.
24. Swearingen finds a case at the Ladies' Hall.
26. Junior caps arrive.
27. Seniors hunt for theirs. Only two found.
28. "White Oak" is plentiful.
29. Jimmy gets mad in Library.
30. Stathers says "Darn that man."
31. Heavner takes courting as a subject upon which to speak at Chresto.

November.

1904.

2. Royal Italian Band.
3. First German class cuts class.
4. Prof. Deck gets his Dutch up and sends the class after excuses.
5. Prof. Deck and class make up.
6. Parker and Davis appear in the chapel halls.
7. More political demonstrations.
8. Authorities refuse to let Phillips vote on account of his small size.
9. The "Moon" gets its hair cut on its last quarter.
10. Trippett does not flunk in his classes.
12. F. E. Brooks lecture. Did you laugh?
14. "Shorty" Ward looks at a girl.
16. Prof. Jelley sings a vocal solo in chapel.
17. Lewis Core says he has found a "Cupp"–full of love.
18. Ireland drives to Weston.
19. Ireland declares the trip cost at least $40 of his pa's heard earned money.
20. Ward swallows a German syllable.
22. Chapel talk by W. W. Hughes.
23. Stemple loses his library.
24. Old stars and Varsity.
25. Gilmore declares that he will not wear a mustache. "Daddy" insists.
26. A possum story by Simmons.
27. Arnett informed of the curious smell in the direction of his feet.
28. Karrickhoff gets married.
29. "Chap" is seen on the street without her O'Neal.
30. Ireland falls in love with Miss Woodruff.
31. Dead. Marshall Brown. Shot.



December.

1904.

1. Heckert learns to dance.
2. Brooks comes to breafast at 11.00 A. M.
3. Reese does not wear a stand up collar over 7 inches high.
5. Miss Fling explores Ireland.
6. Flunkers hold a meeting in order to get money to buy pony papers.
7. Lakin smokes a cigarette.
8. Lively wins enough money to buy a 5c cigar.
9. Prof. Gearhart returns to chapel. Great joy among the students.
10. Thomas coins the Sanskrit word "gzelapy" in a debate at Chresto.
12. Prof. Mills gets his hair cut and his whiskers trimmed.
13. Seniors prepare ponies.
14. Heckert says he likes to hear Daddy Mills pray because he prays so reasonably.
15. Hammond moves his room down town so that he can be nearer Miss Woodruff.
16. Prof. Watson loses his class roll.
17. Core does not go walking with Miss Manown, because she does not come.
19. Pifer has his English History lesson.
20. Exams begin.
21. The ponies die on account of overwork.
22. Students depart for vacation.

January.

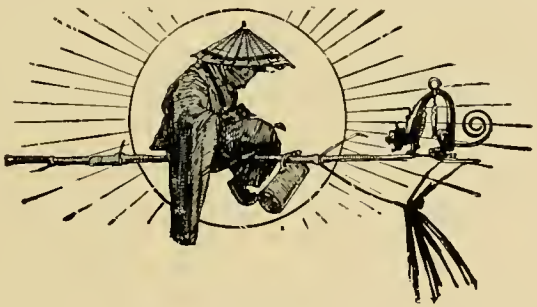
1905.

3. Enrollment.
4. Prof. Arnett takes charge of his class in Geography.
5. Graham passes in Latin. Trippett flunks.
6. Stemple swears he never did like red hair.
8. Henderson recites a Geometry proposition well to be out of the book.
9. Hall is reported very low (Lowe) with love.
10. Bumgardner tells Prof. Trotter where his girl lives.
11. Hawse says "Ich muesse viel Geld haben, wenn ich die Marie wolle."
12. Doc makes a long talk so that Heavener can read his Latin.
13. Money is drawn from the treasury of the Chrestomathean Society to pay for an ex-president's collar.
14. Rev. Bumgardner helps Goodwin sing a solo, at the U. B. Church.
17. Cook gets heaven in German.
18. "Nothin doin."
19. Marshal Brown solves an Algebra example.
20. Swearengen exemplifies the fact that "love and a cough cannot be hid."
21. Hodges imagines another girl is in love with him.
23. "Bill" is on Campus.—Graham cannot eat for want of exercise.
24. Girls discuss the probability of getting "Hog" McCauley for a husband.
25. Heavener goes into the lumber business. Only "Ash" handled.
26. "Me" tried "me" hand at making "ye" a speech.
27. Old Maids' Association organized at hall.
28. Several boys in school desire a "Hyer" education.
30. Miss Petitt sings "Down on the Farm."
31. "Doc" goes to Charleston to reason with the Senate.

February.

1905.

1. The boys wonder why Prof. Gearhart, in chapel, stands the way he does.
2. Trippett reads in French.
3. Ireland smiles a second time at Miss Woodruff.
4. Main building destroyed.
6. Meeting of students at M. E. Church.
7. Classes again.
8. Several students miss classes because they are afraid to enter the Ladies' Hall.
9. Shreeves says—"That 'ere' hall has charms to soothe my savage breast."
10. Prof. Haught asks Pickens to bring his clock to class with him and he would regulate it for him free of charge.
11. Prof. Mills asks the ladies not to play the piano in the middle parlor.
13. Smith says "that he is glad the building burned, because he gets to sit by them ladies."
14. Graham asks for optional attendance to his breakfast.
15. Scheming Club have a meeting and talk over the new prospects for scheming.
16. The A. M. L. L. D. P. H. D.'s have their pictures taken for the year-book.
17. "Dad" Ash tells "Jimmy" that he looks like a goat—"Jimmy" looks mad.
18. Arnett asks the Excelsiors for optional attendance—"Whiskers"—"Coat split up the back"—"Professor" etc.
20. Virgie students get over their rest.
21. "Doc" says,—"If there is anything I like it is a girl."
22. Holiday————————.
23. Core begins to study "Moore" and therefore has his lessons better.
24. Everybody wishes to know when "Dutch" became a ladies' man.
25. "Good bye, Emma, I'll write to you most every day."
27 Gilmore accused in Chresto of the grave charge of ringing a bell.
28. Hoskins meets and speaks to a fellow student.



March.

1905.

1. Chapel—a few present.
2. "Dad" Ash has quit chewing.
3. Wells becomes one of the faculty.
4. Girls get squelched.
5. Everybody goes to church.
6. Trial of Gilmore.
7. Doc leaves, together with Trotter and Mills—Geometry and Latin get a rest.
8. Prof. Gearhart loses a button.
9. The first spring day.—Crowd goes walking.
10. Heckert has a circulating pain.
11. It's a mistake, "Hog" McCauley is still living. Girls reconsider.
13. The first attempt at bluffing the walls in order to make them fall.
14. "Heap big ponies."
15. Enrollment.
16. Boys go to Clarksburg to see the Wizard of Oz.
17. Work begins.
18. Boys don't enroll fast enough to suit "Frankie."
20. Kellar learns something about mud and dynamite.
21. Boys get a seat in the choir of the M. E. Church.
22. MURMURMONTIS staff rushed.
23. Book goes to press.
24. Good by until next year and then?
25. Chrestomathean Society have their special program.
26. It rained.
27. Excelsior Society have their special program.
28. Every one flunks in school.
29. MURMURMONTIS is sent to publishers.

Grinds.

This stone belongs to the Staff's cart,
And it turns around and around.
The man at the crank has the merry part,
While the man on top is ground.

Senior Grinds.

A–lm–n,—Compound quintessence of diminutiveness.
Arm–n–r–ut,—His philosophical ideas were reared in the wiles of Randolph.
A–h,—"My papa says that I am good in Greek."
B–ll–ng–le,—One of the seven wonders of the Senior Class.
B–nn–t,—Unknown to men.
B–mg–rd–er,—A Hercules in his own mind.
Cl–rk, B–ss,—One "Sheets" to the wind.
Cl–rk, Eth–l,—Her ability as a kindergarten demagogue can not be doubted.
C–r–, Em–er,—A good little boy.
C–r–, L–w–s,—Has had too much Gump—sion.
C–pp,—Long, lean, lank and lazy,
His case at the hall has set him crazy.
Da–ly,—A good baseball player in his own mind.
Ev–rh–rt,—He "Ever" aims to give "heart" pains,
Thereby showing his lack of brains.
Fli–g,—We know you would like to be called pretty.
Forster,—$1.60 Club manager.
G–y,—A rambunxious kind of a kuss.
G–bs–n, B–ss,—My "Cupp" is sweet.
G–bs–n, Bl–nch,—Sweet 45 and never been kissed.
H–rd–sty,—She will look sweet in a parsonage.
H–rtl–y,—A croaking frog that thinks he knows it all,
But in reality knows nothing at all.
H–aven–r,—I long to be a Senior
And with the Seniors stand,
With nothing in my cranium
And a pony in my hand.
H–ck–rt,—A man of much thought, but of little expression.
H–ud–rs–n,—"What a trial for me to look in the glass."
H–gg–nb–th–m,—A Senior of worth,
Handsome of face and southern birth.
H–ff,—The Seniors Cataline,
Ir–l–nd,—An ungodly long stretch of nothing.
L–k–n,—"Anna, Anna, Where art thou?"
L–w,—A digger in his books as well as in the briar patch.
M–ce,—Peevish as all old maids are.
M–th–ny,—She's not very tall,
But she is very wide,
For her mouth is spread
From side to side.
McC–sk–y,—Though I'm called a runt, office-seeker, and one of the swells, yet I am content to hold the hand of Goodwin and Wells.

McWh–rt–r,—Her musical abilities are manifested in funeral marches.
Ph–ll–ps,—752 lbs., 6 oz., $1\frac{2}{3}$ grains (Troy weight).
R– –se,—A fool who wears a 4-inch collar.
Sc– –t,—My books are no indication of my talent.
Sh–rps,—A man with some propensities of a mule.
Shr–v–,—He has an immense mouth,
But a very poor speech;
His brain cavity is empty,
But Lord, Lord, what feet.
S–mm–ns,—She looks as though butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.
Sm–th,—"The people say I'm shaky,
But I am a little Snaky."
Sn–dgr–ss,—She is good enough for Fritz.
St–ut,—"In the course of human events, it became necessary that I should be born."
Ta– –m–n,—Law is his ambition,
The penitentiary is his goal
And should death o'er take him,
You will find him shoveling coal.
Towns–nd,—"I'm sorry, but I haven't my music.
Wi–r,—"Me handsome baby."
Wils–n,—I am a great hindrance to the fair sex

Junior Grinds.

Br–ke,—A bulky lass without a smile.
B–rr–ell,—An unsophisticated being.
C–ld–ba–gh,—A mighty soldier.
Cl–yp– –l,—"He is dear and I love him so."
C– –k,—An unparalleled German student.
F–rnsw–rth,—O how long will she abuse the school with her image?
G–lm–re,—In football he's a dandy,
With Shaffer he's a dude;
But in Elementary Algebra,
He proves to be no good.
Gr–h–m,—"If I can only pass in Greek and Latin and Algebra and all them other things I'll be all right."
H–ll,—Lean, bony squint-eyed and little,
Has the appearance of a worn out fiddle.
H–rd–sty,—O! you flirt! How long will you continue your cunning tricks!
H–rdm–n,—"I really do love Blanche. I wonder if she loves me."
H–ws–,—J–sp–r, Verily, Satan worketh in man.
H–ws–, W–ll–am,—"Prof. Mills, I flunked again."
H–dg–s, —All genius—no brains.
H–nd–rs–n,—"I can go with Ted's girl when Ted is out of town."
H–sk–ns,—Like a duck he's always quacking
All the Profs. know his lacking.
J–cks–n,—An artist, not a painter.
Kr–d–r,—Quite a large mass,
Of a fidgety lass.
L–w,—"I kan't ketch him."
L–vely,—What's in a name—Nothing.
L–we,—"I can't help it becanse I'm getting old."
McCl– –ry,—Ivory combs in her raven hair,
Makes the boys to Venus swear.
McCl–y,—An up–to–date newsboy.
McC–rm–ck,—"Anybody's private secretary."
M– –n,—And God said there be light in the firmament of the heavens; the lesser of which shows forth night.
M– –re,—She will soon be "non" "Moore."
If she can find a fellow that wants "Moore."
M–rr–s,—He is small in stature, but a mighty man among women.
P–t–tt,—You are not a saint if your name is Grace.
P–ck–ns,—He has a right to write to Wright.
P–ckl–s,—Of all who know him
Their opinion is the same;
A pickle by nature
As well as by name.

P–l–ng,—A good rider of kicking ponies.

Pr–tch–rd,—My smile and all, I give to thee, thou son of Destiny—Hall'ye my dear.

R–b–rts,—A rambunxious mixture of athlete and preacher, but a prevaricator equaled by no obnoxious friend.

Sh–ff–r,—Of all glad words of pen or voice
The gladdest is, John has his choice.

S–ngl–ton,—Long, tall, lean and lank
Pretty much of an awful crank.

Sm–th, Gr–ce,—A faded rose.

Sm–th, H–rb–rt,—"I wonder why it is that Lowe has refused me three times."

St–mpl–,—Uncle Frankie is my boss
And he has an easy time,
For when him I run across
I simply take in my sign.

St–y–r,—An excellent Greek student.

St–art,—O, that angelic face.

Swe–r–ng–n,—"If my hair has anything to do with it I know that she will marry me.

Sw–ck–r,—A homely heart smasher.

Th–m–s,—As a student he would certainly be first in the race
If he was not always wrapped up in a very bad case.

W–rd,—Similar to a bean-pole.

W–bb,—The modern Cyrus the Great, the baseball king.

Z–rkl–,—A little man with little wit
And even horse sense not a bit.

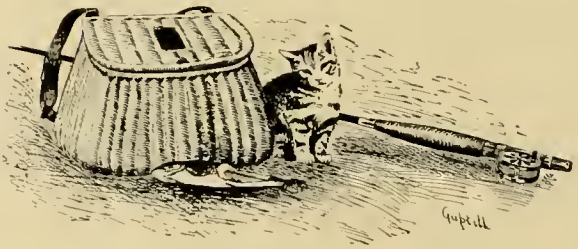
Freshman Grinds.

An–len,—"I am a relic of the past."
Ba–l–w,—The handsome boy.
Be–fo–d,—A beautiful girl with a red top.
Bo–m–n,—A "Lowe" schemer.
Br–ke,—The cock of the walk,
The Freshies best stalk.
Bro–n,—If I can't be a lady I am a ladies' man.
Ca–n–y,—Sings, "I Lovet."
C–ff–m–n,—God made my heart soft and my head softer.
Ch–d–ste–r,—"I love those who love me."
C–pp–t,—The man that never saw a trolley car.
Cu–ing–am,—"I'd be handsome if I could."
Do–g–as,—A real country girl.
U–ing,—What a villain.
Mr. F–r–an,— }
Miss F–r–an,— } Two lovely berries molded on one stem.
Fo–d,—She spreadeth herself about the "Hall."
Fur–be,—A supernatural being.
H–m–ond,—"I'm a desperate wicked man,
I'll hide behind the post in chapel if I can."
Ha–r–rk,—"Christ was born on Easter."
Han–f–n,—"If I had the nerve I'd go with the girls,
And let them run their fingers through my curls."
Ha– –ah,—Would be king of schemers (If I had time).
He–g–s,—What ails the boy?
Ho–g–s,—I missed the Freshies' presidential chair,
This calamity gives me much dispair.
"I'd been very famously noted
If the girls had not voted."
H–ld–rm–n,—Big feet, little chin,
The swelled head, nothing within.
K–ll–r,—A man killer.
Le–is,—Why was I born red-headed?
Lo–ch–ry,—O, "King" why will you "Fling" me once "Moore" so "Lowe?"
Ma–q–us,—Oh! that I could see my faults as others see them.
M– –n,—A living proof of Darwin's theory, that "man originated from a monkey."
Mo–g–n,—I am a handsome little rose.
Known as an artist with a crooked nose.
Ma–t–n,—The next thing to a "Guy."
M–rr–s–n,—Eloquence! Eloquence! is all the cry,
And I'll be a dandy "bye and bye."
M–ll–r,—Unknown to man.
McC–rm–ck,—He looks like one of these has beens,
For on his face is that silly grin.

M–rr–ls,—Has a queer taste for marly beauty.
M–r–hy,—The map of Ireland is upon his face.
On–l,—The mud crusher.
O–'Rr–ck,—Great big head—turned up nose,
Girl on the brain, that's all he knows.
P–gg–t,—A spoony little flirt.
Ro–r–b–ug,—It makes no difference where I go, I'll live until I die, any how.
E. Sh– –ts,—"I've got my eyes on It." (Bess)
H. Sh– –ts,—I'm a football player. I can play on both teams at once.
M. Sn–dg– –ss,—The fairest of ten thousand.
E. Sn–dg– –ss,—A fair example of untainted maidenhood.
St–n–dsb–ry,—Just dropped from a huckleberry bush.
St–th–rs,—He needs his mother's care.
T–ev–y,—A small girl, away she goes;
No face and all nose.
Wh–t–,—Dead to the world.
W–sm–n,—A thing of beauty.

Who Can Guess?

Why Doc's nose is so red?
Who put the pictures in the Chapel?
Where '05 keeps so many stale Annuals?
Which is the larger, Moore or his girl?
How much the Athletic Association is in debt?
Who stole Doc's horse and sleigh?
What the maiden name of their great-grandfather was?
Which loves the more Hall or Ford?
Who, during the fire, threw the wash bowl and pitcher out of the third story window and carried the erasers down?
Who Doc is going to enter in the races?
What is wrong with the Senior Class?
Why Dad shaved his mustache?
Why Arnott gives all his scholars a cent? (scent)
Who is the homeliest among the faculty?
Who has the worst case in the school?
Why Jimmie is so important?
Why the Excelsior election made some people hot?
Why Burrell sold that 15 lb. wild goose for 75c.?
How the building caught fire?
Why Kellar has the big head?
Why Foster refused to be president of the Excelsiors?



Wants, For Sale, Lost, Etc.

WANTED—A staff for next year's MURMURMONTIS.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—My voice for singing.

WINNIE WIER.

WANTED—A room all to ourselves.

GENTLEMEN CALLERS AT LADIES' HALL.

WANTED—A position as fun maker. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DODGE.

WANTED—Prominence. I'd do anything for it but study.

O'NEAL.

FOR SALE—1,000 copies for 1905 MURMURMONTIS. Will sell cheap as dirt or give away. Call on Roy McCuskey, business manager.

LOST—All our hats.

SENIOR CLASS.

WANTED—Some one to hold our cigarettes to our mouths. We're too confound weak.

PREPS.

WANTED—Black hair, but my maker would have it red.

GEARHART.

LOST—Near the Ladies' Hall. Our reputation. Finder please return to some gentleman member of the Senior Class.

TO LET—One unfurnished room (*not even paper on the walls*), in the upper story of my flat.

REV. JAMES MAHOOD.

FOR SALE—A large number of ponies. All guaranteed to work or you get your money back.

SENIOR CLASS.

REWARD—Fifty dollars, to know who stacked my room.

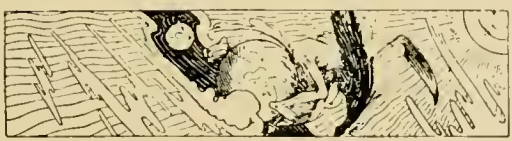
H. L. SMITH.

WANTED—A position as English tutor.

E. B. MOORE.

WANTED—To be a senior.

DYER.



Miscellaneous Jokes.

IRELAND—
It was while I was a man,
About six feet tall,
That away from home I ran
And went to a ball.

My father came and got me
And took me home to maw.
I walked along in peace
For I'm afraid of paw.

MARIE AND TENSIE (*at corner*)—"Sour fluid, please."
CLERK—"I don't understand. Oh yes, vinegar."
TENSIE—"Shoe veneering."
CLERK (*getting hot*)—"Say, young girl, you want shoe polish, don't you?"

A Receipt for Match-making in the Summertime.

Take a man in love and a girl not quite convinced. Place together on a secluded piazza, with two chairs, and stir slowly. Add a slight breeze from the south, a dash of courage, and a heaping tea-spoonful of persuasiveness. Sprinkle with afternoon sunshine, sifted through June foliage, and put away until wanted.

Some girls were talking about schools where boys and girl have different societies.

D--SY F-RB- —"Wouldn't that be a dry society, without my dear Jake?"

DAD DECK (*to boys in Chapel at Church*)—"Boys, every one of you come down out of that gallery."

They came down.

JARVIS TO C-R—"How dare you swear before my girl."

CORE—"Beg Pardon, but how in the h--- kleberry season did I know your girl wanted to swear."

LAW (*going to Y. M. C. A. Convention at Fairmount*)—"Say, yer got any of them apples yit. I'd ruther have one of them, than an whole bag of them yaller things."

The gates of heaven may be narrow, but some of the one horse preachers in our "Place of Business" will find it takes more than narrowness to enter there.

SOME LOGIC—Blessed is he who hunteth a girl, for he shall find her.
Blessed is he who giveth a girl a kiss, for it shall be returned to him.
Blessed is he who loveth a girl, for she shall be his forever.
Blessed is he who never marries, for he shall shun much trouble.

PROF. HAUGHT—"What part of speech is it?"
ICE—"It is a verb."
PROF.—"Give the principle parts."
ICE—"It," "was," "been."
PROF.—"You had better not freeze to that, Mr. Ice."

One of the most interesting law-suits in the School Court, was between Prof. Gearhart's coat and vest. His trousers leg were drawn up as witnesses, and have not yet returned.

PROF. WATSON—"Mr. Trippett, tell us all you know about Lady Grane Jay."

TRIPPETT—"I never met 'er."

PROF. HAUGHT—"Mr. Stemple what is the size of a coral body?"

STEMPLE—"I don't know exactly, but it's magnetized several times."

PROF. WATSON—"What good do the monks do."

PICKENS—"They monkey-eyse the people."

THIS BY KARRICKHOFF.—"I'll be dad bobbed if I'm married, but by 'Merrills' I soon will be."

DAD ASH ON TELEPHONE.—"No. I don't know nothin'."

MISS MCCLEARY (*discussing music*)—"Yes, I like all kinds of music, but "*hims*" I like best."

Thomas says with the poet—

Early to bed and early to rise
Does very well with sick fools and guys,
But it makes a man miss all the fun till he dies,
And joins the stiffs that have gone to the skies.
But I'll go to bed when I please
And lie at my ease,
For I surely will die, with some Latin disease.

COFFMAN—I asked her what she thought of me,
To which she answered, 'Pooh;
I really cannot tell, you see,
For I never thought of you.'

KARRICKHOFF—"I'm funny, and so it wasn't fair,
When I asked her to be mine,
For her to say 'No,' that she didn't care
For a comic valentine."

DR. WIER—

Let us not permit ourselves to be spiritually incapacitated by quandaries regarding the control of earthly matter. Let us circumnavigate the ethereal realms of unexplored ether, quander the unquanderable until the everlasting stupendousness of the whyness of the what shall dawn on the enraptured vision and precipitate the effulgent tissues of etheral matter in one glorious pulchritude of transcendentalism. This is intelligible syllepsiology and homogeneous, philosophical Pheelossophy.

G-LM-R- (*reading Latin*)—"Cum ea temperantia magistratus habebamus."

PROF. TR-TT-R—"Translate, quickly, now Mr. Gilmore."

J-HN—"Now since we have a magistrate in so great a temperature—."

PROF.—"Eh! That will do, Mr. Gilmore."

H-RRY C-LD-B- -GH—"Say, Mac, are you going to use your pass?"

M-C-SK-Y—"Guess not."

H-RRY—"Well, say, Mac, I'd just like to take Miss Lauck home on it."

NEW STUDENT—"Mr. Librarian, may I take out the "Last of the Whoop-Wahs." I think it's by Hooper."

J-mmy (*starting to look for it*)—"Gee hen, child."

H-NRY G-Y (*translating Virgil, Liber* 2, 11, 775-6)—"If haply by some chance it had—"

PROF.—"How's that, Mr. Gay? Did you say it? You wouldn't call yours it, would you?"

H-RRY SH-R-PS (*translating Virgil, Liber* 2, 11, 792-3)—"Three times embraced the fleeting image—say Prof. I can't get clear, who embraced the image."

PROF.—"Whom do you suppose?"

H-RRY—"Aeneas."

PROF.—"Why certainly, who had a better right?"

How It Happened

Daddie Ash
Made a mash
Upon a girl
Whose name was Pearl.

One lovely night,
When the moon was bright,
He went down
With her to town.

To her he said,
With face so red,
"My Love Divine
Will you be mine?"

"I hate you, Dad,
You make me mad.
I'd rather die."
Was her reply.

"I want a kiss
My pretty miss.
Now please don't run,
I'll take but one."

Then, the girl was furious,
And it is rather curious.
But the result was,—Dad Ash
Lost his beautiful mustache.

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Bender, Victor Goff, ... *Chapel, W. Va.*
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Brake, Blonda Steele, ... *Jane Lew, W. Va.*
Britton, Luther Sherman, ... *Newberne, W. Va.*
Brooks, Morgan McClancey, ... *Buckhannon, W. Va.*
Bumgardner, Homer Sanford, ... *Craigmoor, W. Va.*
Chidester, Madge, ... *Buckhannon, W. Va.*
Connor, Gilbert Marion, ... *Wheeling, W. Va.*
Cunningham, Nellie, ... *Pickens, W. Va.*
Farnsworth, Gladys Mabel, ... *Buckhannon, W. Va.*
Franklin, James Russell, ... *Hundred, W. Va.*
Gibson, Joseph Vincent, ... *Tunnelton, W. Va.*
Grose, Edward Rutherford, ... *Sago, W. Va.*
Grose, Sylvester Carson, ... *Sago, W. Va.*
Hall, Jerome Venior, ... *Buckhannon, W. Va.*
Hall, Thomas Roberts, ... *Farmington, W. Va.*
Hathaway, Austin George, ... *Belington, W. Va.*
Huff, Lela, ... *Buckhannon, W. Va.*
Hughes, Pitt Loudin, ... *Buckhannon, W. Va.*
Jones, Charles Aubrey, ... *Deer Park, Md.*

Kiddy, Nellie Gray,	*Buckhannon, W. Va.*
Loudin, Edna Louis,	*Buckhannon, W. Va.*
Lowe, Karl Gordon,	*Buckhannon, W. Va.*
Lynch, Frederick Lee,	*Buckhannon, W. Va.*
Lynch, Oran Benedum,	*Buckhannon, W. Va.*
McCue, Anthony Fielding,	*Persinger, W. Va.*
Morrison, Anna Camilla,	*Flatwoods, W. Va.*
Morrison, Edna Katherine	*Rock Cave, W. Va.*
Pickens, Byrd Lea,	*Buckhannon, W. Va.*
Rumble, Nellie McMasters,	*Wheeling, W. Va.*
Rusmisell, Carrie,	*Buckhannon, W. Va*
Shaw, Maggie Belle,	*Kasson, W. Va.*
Sigler, Robert Harold,	*Pennsboro, W. Va.*
Smith, Daisy,	*Pennsboro, W. Va.*
Snodgrass, Leta,	*Rosedale, W. Va.*
Sutton, Charles Alexander,	*Bridgeport, W. Va.*
Swecker, Cleophas,	*Century, W. Va.*
Talbott, Bess Lillian,	*Belington, W. Va.*
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Watson, Clyde Otis,	*Bridgeport, W. Va.*
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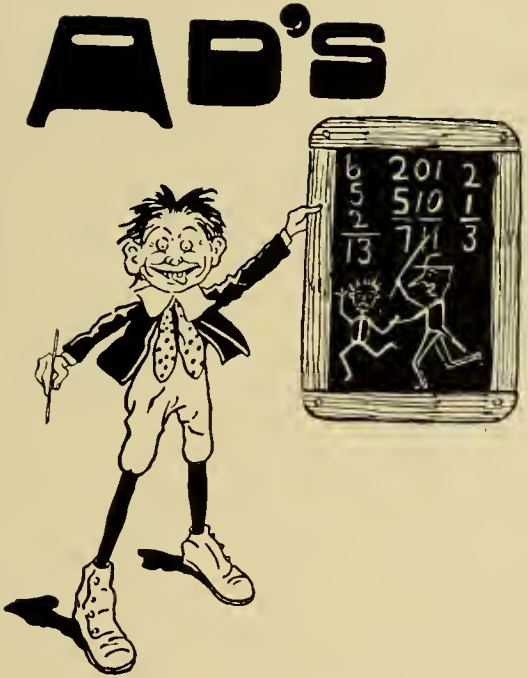
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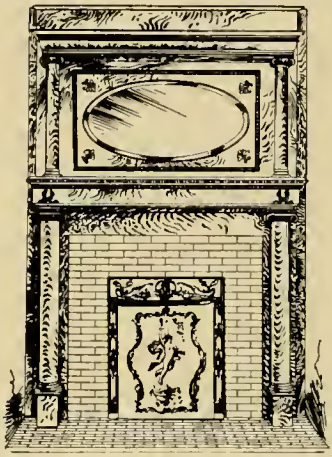

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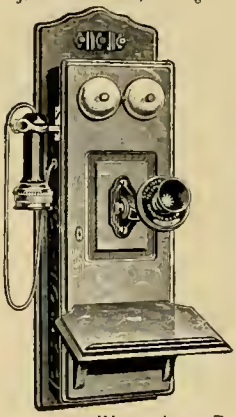

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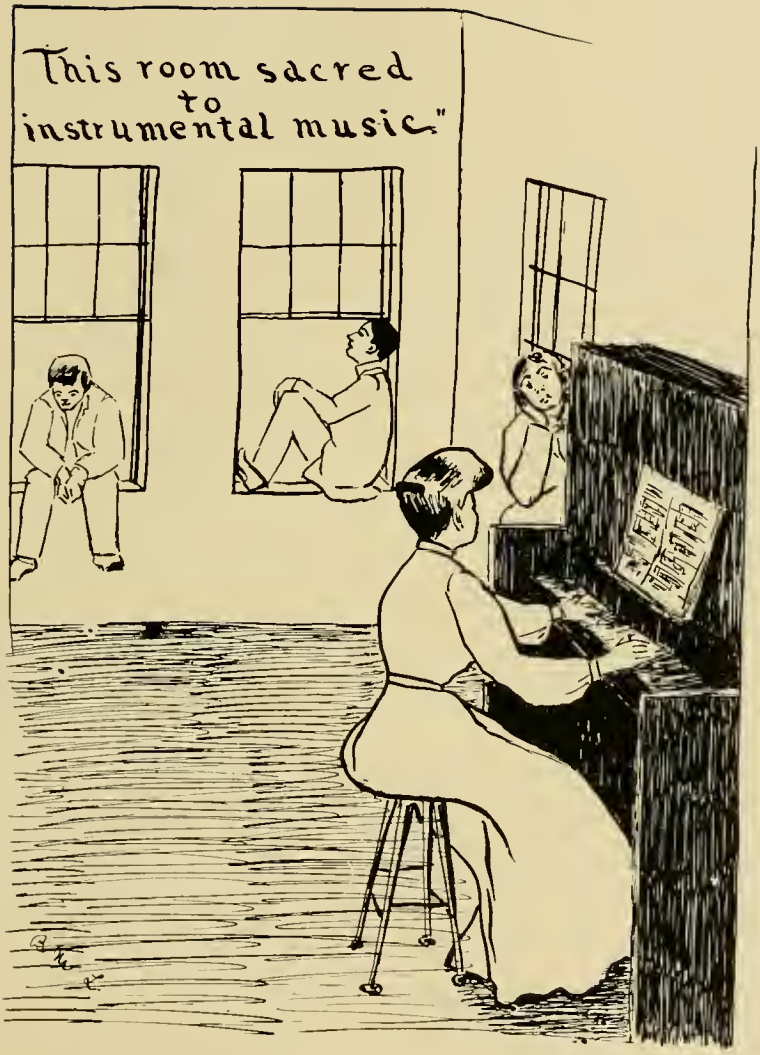

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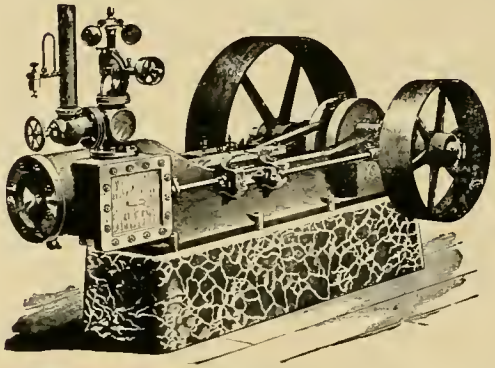

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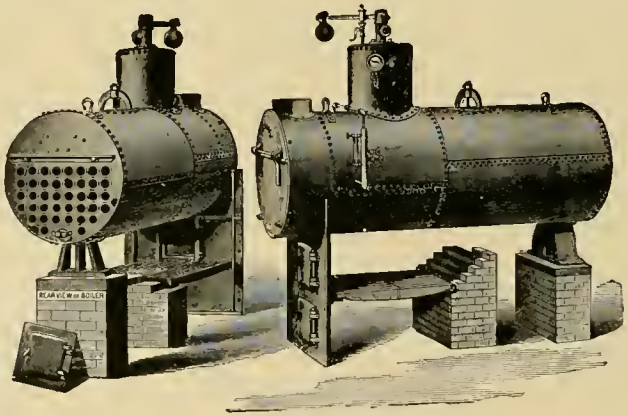

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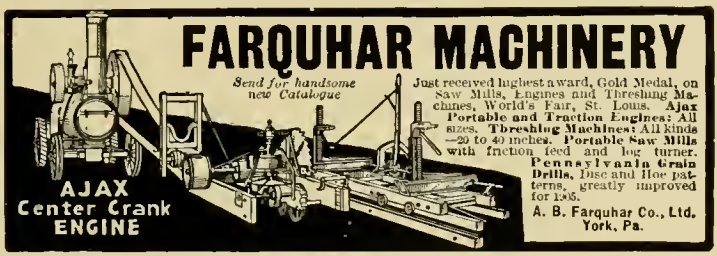
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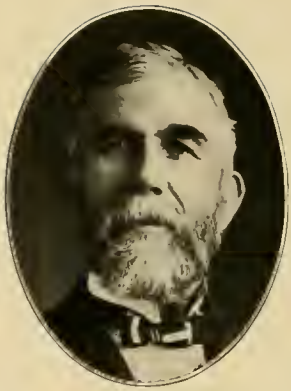

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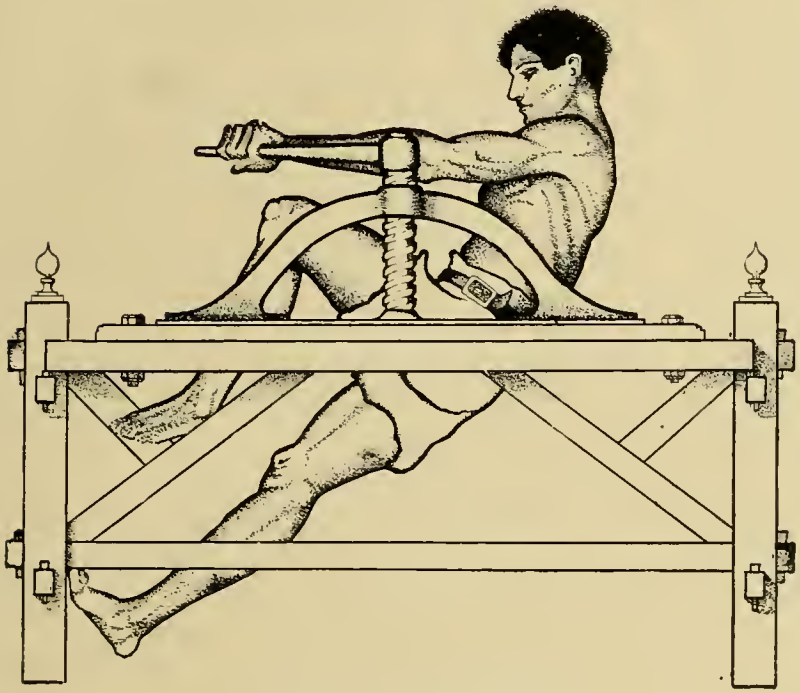

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